THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SATAN IN SALAMANCA.

Translated from the German of Theodore Koerner

BY "ZIO."

The moral of an ancient fable—
And Christians good believe it still;
Is,—cunning men are even able
To hoodwink Satan if they will.
For who is bold and also sly,
The devil needs must pass him by.
A fact which scarce needs further statin';
And yet I'll narrate, to convert unbelievers,
How a Christian bamboozled the Old Arch Deceiver
In times which still believed in Satan,
At Salamanca's ancient city,
The devil sate at the council's head,—
In the vault with other doctors witty,
And black art from original text he read.
He had a great run, 'twill not be doubted,
There was rush for reserved seats, and benches were crowded,
For how to lecture right well he knew.
And when his hearers were tired of reason,
Low comedy never failed to please 'em;
Which wisely into the bargain he threw.
And held so rapt the doctors' attention,—
No other professor was worth the mention;
Till they saw, for the first time with regret,
The end of the six months' term they'd set.
The rogue was delighted, and said as he smiled:
"To profit you all, my wisdom has tended,—
A fact, I'm sure, you undoubtedly see,
And I ask but a very moderate fee,—
One of your souls, to spank out square,
For my pay will be no more than fair.
Who leaves *this vault the last on your list*,—
The neck of that man I will and shall twist,
By lot, if you like, decide the matter."
Then they set up a howl,—a prodigious clatter,
Abused the doctor for all that's bad,
And swore unanimous, all on a level,
The devil himself might take the devil;
In vain, no kind of help could be had.
And as to choice, there was none to be taken,—
The fatal dice must at last be shaken.
There was doomed to that place where folks don't take cold,
A young Count who the least lot chanced to hold;
But still he kept straight in his upper story,
And said: "I'm not yet in purgatory;
Not yet have the claws of Satan caught me,
So I'll try what human wit has taught me.
Straightway of the door Nick took possession,
And let each one out in proper succession;
Till when in turn the Count came last,
The Fiend made a grab at his throat as he passed.
But the Count cried out: I'm not your share!
Your man is behind me, standing there,
And points to *his* shadow on the wall,
Where the slanting sun-rays chanced to fall.
At that the devil let go his prize,
For the brilliant sunlight had dazzled his eyes,
And then, knowing not the mistake he made,
He clutched in wrath at the empty shade,—
The Count slid nimbly out of the place,
And laughed aloud in the devil's face.
But the strangest wonder happened here,
For where he stood in the sunshine clear,
They were frightened as none had been before,—
The Count cast never a shadow more!

THE

DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A STRANGE WOOING.

When the last one had departed, and the procession was fairly outside the gates, Barbara seemed to wake to sudden life; she flew from room to room, dashing open the windows and letting in the pure air; she ordered everything connected with the late pageant to be removed out of sight, and tore down the funeral wreaths and bouquets and flung them into the waste basket. Mrs. Wallace checked her energy.

"Why, my good Barbara," she said, "these tokens should remain awhile; Miss Raye surely could not have ordered them to be thrown aside."

"Oh, no, certainly not, she did not say one word concerning them; it was I who desired to make the place less gloomy. Why should the rooms be darkened or the air made sickly with these evergreens, the poor young lady has lived in such an atmosphere of gloom, you should not stint her in a little sunshine."

Mrs. Wallace looked surprised.

"I do not think it will be necessary to force Miss Raye into gayety," she said, "but of course you act by her orders."

"She has given me none yet," said Barbara, "she is too deeply sorrowful to understand her new responsibility. I will do nothing more lest it should offend her."

An hour passed and the company returned, but only a very few entered the house again. Mrs. Grover and a lady or two from Stapleton were all, beside Mr. Bond and Dr. Wilson. Mrs. Wallace was sitting in her outdoor dress ready to go, when her son came in alone.

"Where is Miss Raye?" asked his mother.

"She is ill," was his brief reply, and Mrs. Grover and her friends after a word or two in constrained sympathy were about to go, when Barbara entered.

"Miss Raye desires that you will excuse her for a moment, and she will join you presently," she said.

Louis interposed in haste, "No, Barbara," he said, "do not allow her to attempt it, she is really suffering. Mother, I beg that you will see her; she evidently makes the effort through a sense of hospitality, and she is too ill to be permitted to do so."

Mrs. Wallace did not stir.

"It is entirely unnecessary for Miss Raye to come down for us," she remarked to Barbara, and gathering up her wrappings, rose to go.

Leonore, looking very pale, but quite calm and composed, came in at the moment. She had put away her hat and veil, and wore only a home dress, in which she looked very slender and delicate. She came directly up to Mrs. Wallace, and with a sweet graciousness she had never used before, begged to be honored by her presence.

"You have been so good and noble, and stood at the head of this desolate household when I could not think or act, that I want to thank you for it—will you not stay with me a little while?"

"You must excuse me," said the mistress of Riverbend coldly; "there is nothing further left for me to do now that my poor darling girls are buried, I will say good-bye to you, Miss Raye. Louis, you will please call Mrs. Grover's coach, too; she drives our way."

Leonore turned to the other ladies, "Would they not remain?"

"No, they could not, they were less brusque than Mrs. Wallace, but they must go, now that they saw her well and composed, and so they made their compliments and departed.

When Mrs. Wallace stepped into her coach, her son closed the door after her, and ran back up the steps of the hall.

Startled by the unexpected desertion, his mother leant out and recalled him.

"Louis, are you not coming with me?" she asked in breathless astonishment.

"Certainly not," he replied coldly. "I owe Miss Raye some reparation for your incivility," and he went back again and passed into the drawing-room where he had left her.

Heartily annoyed with herself for having over reached her own plans, Mrs. Wallace lay back in the carriage as it rolled away.

"I had rather have him elope with one of the servant maids than become entangled with that girl," she said to herself in bitterness of spirit. "She is not human—and every one shrinks from her except my doomed and perverse son."

Careless or unconscious of his mother's distraction, that young gentleman went back to the great parlor that he had entered so often under different circumstances, now emptied of all life but hers, yet seeming to him to hold more than it had ever done before.

She stood where his mother had left her, and when she heard his steps she turned towards him.

"I am thinking," she said, "how like a terrible dream it is; they are all gone and I stand alone."

"Not alone, Leonore, I will be your true unswerving friend."

"Oh, that was what I was going to ask for," she said quickly, and her whole face flushed with sudden joy. "I never, never had a friend, and you are all I want or crave. When Olivia lived I admired and could have loved her, but she did not like me. Adah and Bertha clung to me without feeling, because it was their nature to cling—"

"Hush," he said softly, "they are beyond reproach now."

"Oh, you mistake. I could not have an unkind thought towards them, I almost love them now that they are gone, and when I saw them lowered into the dark vault beside Miss Bessard and Olivia, I would have lain down there alive as I was to save them, and be shut out of light and hope for ever!"

"Oh, do not say such words."

"Yes, but I would; I do not know the ways of women, remember. I have been alone, terribly alone all my life, and have learned nothing that tenderness or care should have taught me. Is it wrong to tell you my heart?"

"No," he said softly, "I have told you I am your true friend, and I believe I mean what I say."

"You believe you mean— I do not understand you," she repeated.

"Sometimes," he began smiling, "in truth I may say often, I have said what I did not mean, because I deceived myself; now I am sure I speak from my heart, not my fancy, and I say I am your true friend."

"I believe you, but I think I should have believed you even if you were not sure of yourself—because—because—I wish it to be so. You doubt me when I tell you that I would have given life itself to have saved the sisters. While they lived I gave them more than life. I gave them you. Does this sound strangely to you? Ah, I see I should not have told you so, but there is no one living to be wronged now, and my heart is bursting with the weight—its secret."

Louis was not a weak-minded man in reality, it had been his study to affect a certain vacillation of manner and absence of interest that obscured the better points of his character, and left his higher faculties dormant; his manhood often slumbered, but now it woke, and looking at the strange girl, who with her great, innocent, soul-lit eyes fixed on his face, was telling him she loved him, his knees smote together, and his heart grew faint beneath a burden of sudden feeling.

"What is it?" she asked quickly, "have I made you angry? Your face is flushed, and now it is white. Oh, it was wrong to trust you, but I thought I saw it in your eyes, and it loosened my tongue."

He caught his breath before he could utter a sound, and then he said in a voice she had never heard him speak in before,

"We have both wronged our own hearts; let us now begin to live. You are all the world to me, and in you my very soul is satisfied."

"Then," she said, "I am completely blest amid all this desolation; is it wrong to be happy when everything around us is steeped in gloom?"

"We must not let our lips betray us, the secret must not leave our hearts yet, or it will bring trouble to you, Leonore."

"Trouble to me," she murmured, looking fixedly into his eyes. "Nothing can reach me now, I am beyond pain or sorrow; my joy is secure."

"But, Leonore—" and he began to falter as he looked back in to what now seemed blindness and folly in the past; "remember that I have been, or the world has thought me to be, this poor dead girl's lover; we must be content to know that we have found out our own hearts, for if the world knew it, you would suffer, Leonore—we must wait."

"Wait," she echoed with a puzzled face; "must I cease to think of you now, and begin again at a more proper season?"

She looked at him with childlike earnestness, a shadow of trouble gathering over her transparent face.

"I am clumsy and awkward in a delicate explanation like this," said Louis, blushing like a girl, "I could not resign one thought of yours, but let me rest in your heart as you in mine, and hidden from the world the shrine will be more sacred."

"Oh, you do not wish me to announce it to the people; I could not do it; it shocked and pained me when I listened. Oh, no, if I may think of you, and know your thoughts are mine, it is enough, my fretted heart is now at anchor, and my purposeless life is fixed and full of joy."

"What a strange wooing," thought this lover for the third time at The Poplars; "it is the real awakening, the rest was all a dream, an empty, idle dream."

But although his heart was stirred to its inmost depths, and his whole nature thrilled with a passion it had never felt before, yet the quiet face of stately Olivia, and Adah's fair appealing beauty, rose before him like perturbed ghosts, and made his bliss a troubled pleasure with a haunting dread.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE EASTER PARTY.

So Leonore Raye was the lady of The Poplars, and a great change had come upon her in her new position. She was gentle, grave and full of dignity, but firm and unswerving in her will and pleasure. As soon as the funeral arrangements were over and put away, she arose and took her place at the head of the household, without regard to Barbara, who, in Adah's day, had held absolute sway.

Mr. Bond, with a strong appearance of aversion, had accepted an appointment to lay his books and accounts before her; and regardless of his ungracious brevity, she had demanded a full explanation of how everything in her possession stood.

"There is a great deal of waste property that should be made available for my tenants; the rents are high and the farms badly laid out; the best of the ground is taken up in ornamental parks. I shall have them divided."

"You would ruin the estate. Miss Bessard was content that it should remain as it is."

"The property is mine now, Mr. Bond, and I should ill fulfil my duty if I allowed my wealth to rust without doing the utmost good it is capable of. There are five small farmers who struggle now to meet their outlays and maintain their families. A different distribution of land will lessen their toil and increase their profits; but do not fear, I shall not act unadvisedly; this is my own view, I will be convinced of its correctness before I go farther."

The lawyer looked up from under his brows. "You know the place well, it would seem, yet you never appeared to listen to the detail of business connected with your own share of it."

"Yes, that is true," she said, thoughtfully, "I did not care then, for it was a mere nothing. I took what you gave, and there my power and interest ended. Now it is all changed. I have the ability for good or evil, and the choice between them; it is what I always coveted, and never had before."

Mr. Bond looked at her more narrowly still. "Always coveted," he repeated. "You longed then for what you have obtained—so miserably."

There was a flash of surprise and indignation in the glance she gave him as she answered: "I think we are here to talk of my business. I beg your pardon for allowing the conversation to take a different turn." And with a quiet sense of power in every word, she brought the lawyer back to his accounts and kept him there, until she had possessed herself of the knowledge of every foot of earth or bit of silver belonging to her new fortune.

Mr. Bond chafed at the constraint she put upon him and the dignity he could not dispute. He had convinced himself that there was foul work somewhere, and she was the only one who had gained by its execution. He disliked and suspected her, and being a dogged man, who, having caught an idea, worried himself in dragging it about, turning it round and growling over it, was a poor spy to follow a scent, since in his very irascibility he betrayed his scheme. Still he by no means abandoned it, and casting about for the best one to take into confidence at The Poplars and leave behind him as watcher to the train he meant to lay, he picked out Barbara, the housekeeper, and having a private interview before he went away, imparted to her, with many charges of secrecy, his suspicions, and his desire that she should watch. The good woman seemed much shocked; she begged that such a thought should not enter the brain of the gentleman, and vehemently protested that the young lady was as innocent as an angel, but when the lawyer intimated that if she failed him he would seek another's aid, she hastily promised to do his bidding and report on every word or act of the unconscious Leonore.

Then Mr. Bond departed with a burden of plans for improvements that he resented, whilst he was forced to accept, and Leonore took up the charge dropped by the young hands of the twin sisters.

She was left alone, however, in a way they had never been. Except a few ceremonious and distant mannered visitors, The Poplars was quite deserted. After the funeral, Mrs. Wallace only once left her card, in a formal way, and the Wetheringtons had not come at all. Mrs. Darwood had been the only one who retained her old place as a neighbor, and even she seemed divided between curiosity and suspicion, in the sharpness of her critical glances and the quickness of her listening ears while there.

The ladies who felt too doubtfully towards Miss Raye to cultivate her friendship as mistress of the hall, were not uninterested in her acts and words, and so it fell out that she became the object of so much questioning and scrutiny that her lightest thought was guessed at, and her slightest action weighed.

She apparently rejoiced in her power, and that was against her; she was known to have been a dreamy, erratic creature, more like a sprite or fay than a flesh and blood woman, and this ascension to unlimited fortune and entire independence totally changed her nature. She appeared in the character of a reformer, looked into the exact condition of her affairs, and completely changed the complexion of things on the estate by asserting the rights and duties of her tenants, giving more and demanding less in rents, and increased care and enterprise, which she was at special pains to encourage. This seemed like one who sought to forget in excitement something too terrible to be remembered, they argued; and then she showed no disposition to follow up the society that was shaking her off its skirts, but on the contrary seemed so merged in her new interests as to be quite unconscious of its coldness and neglect. This, the society that was not disposed to patronize her, naturally resented. She was anxious to be left to herself, they said, because she might some time betray more than she would care to have known. They had all loved Olivia and the poor twin sisters, and would speak of them, which would be wakening her remorse. Mrs. Darwood said that she talked of them herself, and even cried when they were named. "Crocodile tears," murmured the Misses Wetheringtons. "Poor, innocent things," said Miss Phebe Grover, "doesn't it seem awful that the physicians could not discover the way in which they were killed?" "Pray, don't say such horrid things," said Mrs. Darwood, shuddering; "it makes one's blood run cold." "But do you think she is—is—" Mrs. Barton Wetherington paused and looked at her sisters-in-law, as if asking for the exact word to express her meaning. "Do I think her a perfectly innocent girl?" asked Mrs. Darwood. "Is that what you mean? Well, I cannot tell—I do not dare to say, she is so unlike everybody else that I dare not judge her by the common rule. I am attracted by her in spite of my own judgment, and I find her intensely fascinating even when I trust her least."

Mrs. Wallace happened to be present when this conversation was held. She changed color frequently as it progressed, and seemed unable to join in it from excessive annoyance.

"Dear Mrs. Wallace," cried Jenny Grover, turning suddenly towards her, "we ought to apologize for talking in this way. Although there was no actual connection between your family and the people at The Poplars, yet you were so intimate that these allusions must be painful to you."

"I never was intimate with Miss Raye," said Mrs. Wallace, coldly, and with an evident effort. "Any allusion to the dear girls so sadly fated is of course very mournful, but in Miss Raye I have no interest whatever."

It was spring time now, and the gloom and horror of the awful winter had departed. Leonore was happy and busy. She met with few except the workmen and business people necessary to her plans. She was erecting a large factory for the making of domestic goods, instead of an old mill whose water power by far surpassed its machinery. Miss Bessard had rented it to a manufacturer, who was unable to keep it in repair, and Leonore consulted practical men and determined to rebuild it and give employment to the idle folk of Stapleton. It was an odd idea for a young lady, and so it made more talk than ever among the society who held her fate in abeyance, and it was named just after Mrs. Wallace had disclaimed all friendship or interest in anything connected with her.

"She certainly developes wonderful business abilities," said Mrs. Grover. "I have heard from gentlemen that understand those things that her plans are actually astonishing in their correctness and practicability."

"That is it," exclaimed the eldest Miss Wetherington; "her designs are so deep that one doesn't know how to measure them."

"Pray say no more," said Mrs. Darwood, "I am going to send her an invitation to dine with us at Easter. I think we had better think the best, and let the mysterious troubles at The Poplars drop. Mr. Bond has done more to injure Miss Raye, than his relation as her lawyer justifies. I, for one, had rather not be too hasty in my conclusions."

Mrs. Wallace said nothing. She looked on her son's absence abroad as a respite. She had a presentiment that he was doomed to be the victim of the beautiful little heiress, whom her prejudice had led her to regard as scarcely less than an alluring fiend, and she dreaded his coming home lest she should see his fate fulfilled.

He had gone to England almost as soon as the funeral was over. The determination was sudden, and came like a gleam of hope to his mother in the midst of her dark despair. "I shall go abroad for a time," he said, and went just as she had begun to see with horror that the desolate Poplars attracted him more than it had ever done in the first flush of his love for Olivia.

It was a drop of comfort in her troubled cup that he wrote cheerfully and freely to her, that the strain of langor seemed gone from his epistles that used to destroy their flavor, and he wrote like a busy, happy man. His fond mother scarcely dared to hope that some blessed change was wrought in his sluggish soul; for over and above her hung that sword of doom, the fascinations of Leonore Raye. "He will return and fall into the witch's trap," she said; and she shuddered at the thought. It was some comfort to feel that she was in a measure dropped out of the social life at Riverbend, and that he would not be likely to meet her except through accident. Yet here was that hope dashed by Mrs. Darwood's announcement, and at Easter Louis would be home.

Leonore knew it—she sat in her own little chamber where she used to dream, with Bertha clinging round her, reading the words in her lover's writing, over and over again, and revelling in the reality she used to taunt her heart with by forming it into faint and shadowy pictures in her fancy.

It was an altered household at The Poplars now. One side of the hall was closed and deserted; the great drawing-room was scarcely ever entered; and a bright, cheery little parlor, where her books and papers were, became Leonore's favorite room. There her breakfast was brought, and her

dinner served; there was no company except a chance caller, and they were received there too; and so the great old house had neither state nor grandeur now, and all its splendor slumbered under covers.

Perhaps Barbara had warned Jean that there was little to be done in her trade; but at any rate she had never come back to The Poplars since the day after Mr. Raye's body had been found shot in the carriage near Marlville; and Barbara herself had changed in a few short months so much, that it would be a question whether her old friend, the peddler woman, would know her when she came. White, wasted, and hollow-eyed, she stole about her duties like a restless ghost, and never was known to be still an instant. Mollie and Margary compared notes on the subject of the great alteration they saw in her. She was actually withering away, they said; and more than one surmised that there was something heavy pressing on her mind, from the anxious look of her great wistful eyes, that always followed the young lady wherever she went. Leonore seemed perfectly unconscious of this constant watchfulness, so plain to every one else. She was apparently distressed to see the great change wrought by this sickness of mind or body, and entreated her to take rest and medical care, but this Barbara refused to do; and so she went on with her many occupations, leaving her to herself.

Easter came, and with it, Louis; and his mother forgot her forebodings the moment she looked on his bright and beaming face. She loved him with all the strength of her heart; and to see him look so handsome and manly, filled her with joyful pride.

"Why, my dearest son—I shall bless London and Paris for the good they have done you. I never saw you look so well before."

He was responsive, too, and met her with a warm, satisfying affection that made her soul glad; but he had very little to tell, and insisted on a hearty lunch, as he was determined to keep faith with Mrs. Darwood, whose invitation to dine he had accepted from the other side of the ocean.

"Do you know, Louis, I would not look upon it as a binding promise," his mother urged. "You need rest; and I have a thousand things to ask you. Pray let me send a note."

"Oh, no, I am determined to go; and you shall ask me what you will while there."

So he began unpacking; and after an hour or two of skirmishing round his apartment, displacing some things, and replacing them by others, he declared himself quite at home again, and entirely ready to escort his mamma to Mrs. Darwood's dinner-party.

As they drove along his mother admired the beauty of the road, the fields looked fresh and spring like, and the day was lovely.

"You do not admire the prospect, Louis," she said, gayly, "yet you cannot convince me that you have seen any lovelier even in England."

"I did admire it as I drove up, my dear mother," he replied, "I thought the river view perfectly lovely."

"The river view," she repeated, in some surprise; "did you come that way?"

"Yes," he admitted, slightly confused. "I came by way of The Poplars." Then he added, gravely—"I should have told you, mother, I stopped to see Miss Raye."

At the name, all her happiness and security scattered like smoke. She kept silent by a strong effort, and did not raise her eyes. Oh, how fervently she wished that Mrs. Darwood's hospitality had slumbered, and her son been unconscious of the party at which this dreadful little Circe was to be. A moment ago she was all hope and pleasure; it was gone now. And the servant announcing her name to Mrs. Darwood, noticed how dispirited and depressed she was, although her handsome son had just returned.

Miss Raye was not there, that was a drop of comfort; the company was large and brilliant, and every one greeted Louis with such hearty welcomes that her mother's heart rejoiced again; though she trembled at every fresh announcement.

There were some strangers present; Mr. and Mrs. Bayley, of Stapleton, and Miss Regina Earle, a young lady from New York, who was visiting them. Mr. Bayley was one of those incessant itemizers whose habit it was to break into everybody's conversation with scraps of news. He commenced with Louis immediately.

"Been abroad, have you not? Yes it brushes one up to take a run across the sea; and I should imagine, as Mrs. Darwood says, that it has freshened you quite a good deal. Were you in ill health when you went?"

"Not at all," answered Louis, coldly, and he went on speaking to Miss Wetherington, for the new member of the Glen society did not please him. Mr. Bayley was not disconcerted.

"Oh, by-the-by, I heard that Miss Norton's horses ran away with her yesterday. Not much damage done, however; but a dangerous business, this lady driving."

"Miss Norton was a good deal shaken," said Mrs. Darwood, "and found herself unable to meet company. She mentioned the accident in a little note this morning."

"Quite an excitement in Stapleton, I assure you;" and he turned to Mrs. Wetherington to explain the particulars just as the servant announced "Miss Raye, of The Poplars," and Mrs. Darwood rose to receive the last expected guest.

Leonore was so much changed since many of the company had met her familiarly, that every eye turned towards her with surprise. She was always beautiful; but now her brilliance was softened with a tender, womanly sweetness, that appealed to every heart. She seemed like a fascinating fairy, who had found a soul and lost her elfin frolic in the deeper emotions of human love. She was very quiet, and her voice was soft and low, and her manner full of gentle grace as she acknowledged the presence of those who rose to greet her.

Louis had risen as her name was mentioned, and looked towards his mother, as if demanding of her to do the same—but Mrs. Wallace resolutely kept her seat; and when Leonore came towards her, met her with a cold, sharp little bow that arrested her half way. Mr. Grover hastened to place a chair beside his wife, who, being a tender-hearted woman, immediately succumbed to the grace and sweetness of the young lady, whom she was rather inclined to doubt in her absence.

Dinner was announced and they all rose, bringing Mr. Bayley's distracted attention toward the young lady for the first time. He caught at her as an item he had almost missed.

"Who is it?" he asked of his young friend Miss Earle, as he led her down to dinner.

"I did not catch the name," she replied, "it was something like—oh, there she is, speaking to Mr. Wallace; what a lovely, musical voice she has.

And Mr. Bayley being spoken to by the lady at his left, lost the opportunity of hearing Miss Raye's name, recalled according to Miss Earle's recollection of it.

The party were merry and cheerful. Louis was the feature, and his newly developed brightness and disposition to be entertaining, was so fully appreciated, that his mother's spirit rose despite the presence of the baleful heiress of The Poplars. He had not loitered through a London season as would have been supposed, but had been busy from his own accounts among the manufacturing districts, and had made himself fully acquainted with the life there in every phase. He had likewise examined the superiority of Manchester prints, as appeared in the course of conversation with Mr. Grover, and seemed as fully versed in mercantile life and manufacturing interests as if he had been bred to business, and made a fortune through his knowledge and experience.

"Shall you be going back again, Mr. Wallace?" asked Mr. Wetherington. "I should greatly like to make the tour, but have been frightened into believing that one must not have a sensible interest in anything connected with the present, when one goes abroad. The ruins of this place, and the excavations of that, relieved with a break neck scrambling over mountains, and horrid living, and worse sleeping, have been represented to me as the sum total of a continental experience. If I could enjoy one-half of the sensible and agreeable recreation that you have had, I should be willing to swallow a moderate dose of crumbling stone, and scale an Alp or two for the pleasure of tumbling down again."

"Then you better make up a party; I mean to go back again in autumn."

His mother started.

"You did not name such a plan," she said, hastily.

"I had no opportunity," he answered, smiling. I had but just greeted you, and it is too early to think of saying good-bye yet."

"Rather dull here, after the excitement of travel," chimed in Mr. Bayley; "but I like Stapleton; and I said when I bought our cottage of Mrs. Raye's business man, that I was glad to find the town quiet and a trifle prosy. I could see the people were unaccustomed to stirring events, by the greediness with which they caught at the unhappy story of my predecessor; and, by the way, there's a new development in connection with that. It has been discovered who that girl was in the carriage—not the waiting maid, as was supposed—but a Miss Raye, of The Poplars, about whom there are some strange rumors already, I'm told."

Louis sprang up, and thrust back his chair.

"You are in the lady's presence," he said, bending a glance of fire on the unfortunate Mr. Bayley, who quailed and changed color.

"I beg pardon," faltered the confused collector of *on dit*. "I merely repeated a general report; I had no idea—I hope I shall be excused."

"No man should suffer himself to retail gossip, lest he should find himself circulating lies," said Louis, with a look of unutterable scorn. "This is one. Miss Raye, pray do not speak; it is my place to answer such words as these. Sir, this lady will, Heaven willing, be my wife; and being so honored, I beg that all such silly stories may be referred to me for an answer."

He sat down again, and every one looked for an instant overcome with confusion at the disagreeable nature of the episode; but the next astonishment swallowed all other ideas, and they turned in blank amazement to the little lady, whose pale face and downcast eyes expressed the whole story, and mirrored the change they saw in Louis Wallace as her lover.

With a heightened color and a nervous compression about his lips, Louis sat, flushed and haughty, an angry gleam in his eye, and a tremor in his voice, as he said, bowing to Mrs. Darwood,

"I beg you will forgive me this interruption, and proceed as if it had not occurred."

But his petrified mother sat with her fork fallen from her hand, and her frightened eyes fixed upon him. Her friends pitying her distress, tried to conquer their own surprise, and speak of other subjects. The effort was in vain; Mr. Bayley's story of Leonore's connection with the murder of Mr. Raye, her own peculiar position as heiress of a vast fortune that three people had died mysteriously to bequeath her, Louis's suddenly announced engagement, and his mother's undisguised wretchedness, were all too much for Mrs. Darwood's guests. And Leonore suddenly rising, and begging with a faint voice to be allowed to retire, was the last straw. Ceremonious composure was useless to attempt; every one pushed aside their plates; and Mrs. Darwood, striving to remember her character as hostess, tried to appear unconscious that Miss Raye was the cause of all the feeling, and accompanied her to the dressing-room with commonplace expressions of regret.

Leonore was white and cold, and shivered as she wrapped her shawl around her. Her carriage had been called, and she stood in the hall replying in confused monosyllables to the constrained speech of her hostess. Louis joined her, and drawing her arm in his, entreated Mrs. Darwood to return to her guests.

"That blundering person is scarcely accountable for the annoyance he has given; I am sorry you could not overlook his ridiculous error, Leonore, and then I should not have been obliged to startle you by heralding my own happiness."

He looked down fondly on her pallid face, and Mrs. Darwood reported afterwards that he seemed in his ardor and devotion quite transformed; but the terrified looking girl made no response, only to cling to the arm he had offered, and with a scarcely audible leave-taking to Mrs. Darwood, hurried down the steps and into her carriage.

Left behind, the unhappy lady of Riverbend confessed herself unequal to sustaining the shock that her son's announcement had proved to her. She gave a few explanatory words concerning the unexpected nature of the engagement, and admitted that the lady was the last of earthly beings she should select as her son's wife.

"I am convinced there must be some mistake," murmured the disappointed mother. "Louis went away directly after the funeral, and has but just this day returned. Oh, it is impossible!"

Poor Mrs. Wallace was a pitiable woman; she felt convinced that she was sacrificing her dignity by expressing herself so freely, yet had not the self-control sufficient to conquer the bitterness of the disclosure. It was only left to her to go home and hide her wretchedness, and she hastened to do so.

When she was gone, Mr. Bayley, who in deep chagrin had begun to look upon himself as sent to Coventry, now found that he was to be recalled and made a lion of. Who told him about Miss Raye, and how was it? Did the story tell anything connected with the deaths at The Poplars, and was it mere rumor or something more serious? To all of this Mr. Bayley, recovering from his confusion, answered voluminously. He had heard it from everybody, and everybody was convinced that Miss Raye was a desperate creature. He acknowledged that he was distressed and awkward when he discovered that the pretty little lady who had quite attracted him was the one about whom he had heard so much; he would have apologized fully if Mr. Wallace hadn't glared at him like a savage, and he must say that if the young gentleman undertook to defend Miss Raye he would find a complicated task before him, since all Stapleton were talking of her, and Miss Earle could tell them the same. The young lady called upon in this way said that Richard Connell had been with her uncle, Mr. Bond, and that she believed there was to be a regular investigation of the business. She was astonished to meet Miss Raye in society, she confessed, and Mrs. Bayley agreed with her, adding that of course dear Mrs. Darwood couldn't be supposed to know what was said of her; and what that elegant young gentleman, Mr. Wallace, could mean by confessing an engagement under existing circumstances was more than she could imagine.

"Poor Mrs. Wallace," chorused the company, "what a blow to her and how dreadful, after knowing the strange fate of those three poor girls, Olive, Adah and Bertha."

It was not exactly such an entertainment as Mrs. Darwood had arranged for her party, but they were very well interested, nevertheless, and lost not a syllable of the surmises, conjectures and suspicions suggested by one and another. The story grew as they dwelt upon it, and soon the authorities were reported to be on the track of Miss Raye as a suspected murderess, with a more than doubtful reputation in other respects. The fact of Louis Wallace's devotion to her, and the increased manliness and vigor of his bearing, gave him no claim upon their forbearance.

"She has bewitched him," was the conclusion, "and is something more than mere flesh and blood in her conduct in all respects."

After that festivity the story spread everywhere that Mr. Bond had discovered the cause of the unfortunate ladies' death, and that Leonore Raye would soon be arrested on a charge of murder.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

☞ The "Fat Contributor" delivered a lecture on farming, in which he said: "I can imagine what vigor is imparted to the frame, and what strength to the muscles, by reclining in the shade and watching the mowers as they gayly swing their threshing machines; and then, what an appetite one must acquire for the noon-tide lunch, by observing the merry reapers at work digging their wheat, and raking and binding their potatoes, and their fall apples."

☞ "Have any of Toby Continued's stories been printed into bound volumes?" inquired a customer of a salesman in one of our large bookstores the other day. "Toby Continued! Who's he?" "Why the man that writes so many stories for the publications. I see his name to more stories than any other man, and I want to get 'em in bound volumes." The salesman answered in the negative, and the verdant customer went elsewhere with his inquiry, which we dare say is: "To be continued."

☞ The Japanese believe in the transmigration of souls, and that the souls of those who die the death of the righteous will take possession of a human body, while the souls of those who die after a life of wickedness will be condemned to reside in the bodies of inferior animals, and the worse the life the worse the animal.

☞ Some mourners who accompanied a funeral at East Taunton, Mass., on Saturday last, beguiled their grief and tedium of the way by throwing snowballs at each other along a portion of the way.

☞ The wealth of Parisian actresses, who save, is reported to be very large. M'lle Augustine is worth $400,000; her mother is worth $200,000; Mad. Madelaine Brohan is worth $150,000; M'lle Leonide Leblanc is worth $300,000; M'lle Celine Montaland is worth $300,000; M'lle Duvergier is worth $400,000; M'lle Page is worth $200,000; M'lle Alice Ozy, $250,000; Mad. Doche, $200,000. Their professional income did not provide these fortunes.

☞ It is stated that a man living on Cacapin Mountain, Va., was recently attacked by wolves, and after killing six was himself finished by the rest. He had only an axe for a weapon.

☞ A Detroit reporter complains of his compositor, that in an article on the city poor, wherein he spoke of the great number of persons reduced to beggary by "the mysterious decree of Providence," the man of types made it "mysterious decrease of provisions."

☞ SILENCE.—One of the most difficult things is to keep silent when we ought not to speak. John Adams, on a certain occasion, looking at Thomas Jefferson's portrait, remarked, "There's a man who knew how to hold his tongue; what I, old fool, never could do."

☞ A young man, who had the misfortune to resemble a member of the California Legislature, was recently knocked down, and kicked and stamped upon until half dead, in Sacramento. It is a way of lobbying they have out there.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1868.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

TRYING THE WORLD.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Hosmer's deeply interesting story, which will probably be in another number, we design commencing Miss Douglas's new novelet, written expressly for THE POST.

As the author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," "Claudia," &c., Miss Douglas has won an enviable reputation, which we trust the publication of this last effort, "TRYING THE WORLD," will enhance.

We hope our readers will call the attention of their friends to this new novelet—and also to the fact that THE POST contains weekly a large amount of the most excellent and instructive reading, in addition to its admirable stories.

REDUCTION OF TAXES.

We are glad to see that the House of Representatives has passed by a nearly unanimous vote, a bill to relieve the manufactures of the country from the present burdensome revenue tax; excepting only gas, petroleum, spirits, and tobacco.

We trust that the bill will not be allowed to linger in the Senate, but that this much needed relief to the industry of the country will be at once afforded.

We further hope that the income tax, that oppressive and inquisitorial "plague of Egypt," will also be removed. Let Congress resolve to bring the expenses of the government down at once to what they should be, and the revenue from the income tax also could easily be spared.

But this only can be done, by our representatives setting their faces steadily against all new schemes for spending money. Such schemes mean taxation—taxation of the great mass of the community for the benefit of a favored few. And when the very honesty and honor of the country are bending and quivering under the heavy load of the national debt, it is no time to talk of fresh appropriations even to the most deserving classes and projects.

The time emphatically has come for the government, representing the whole people, to take care of itself. If it does not, its credit will go down in a whirling sea of Repudiation.

We want first of all, Economy—and after that, more Economy—and then still more Economy!

We want our taxes reduced, and then reduced again, and still again reduced.

With endless and unflagging economy, the reduction of the army and navy to a peace basis, and the discharge of a needless host of office-holders—thousands of whom are now engaged in the collecting and eating up of taxes—almost any fool of a financier can put the country through its difficulties. But if we go on burning our candle at both ends, and grinding down the people with heavy taxes, not the wisest financier the nation was ever favored with—not even Alexander Hamilton himself—could save us from the opening gulf of bankruptcy and financial ruin.

THE ROBIN A ROBBER.

Whatever may be true as to the value of many birds as insect destroyers, some of the New England horticulturists are down upon the Robin, as a great destroyer of berries and fruits. A subscriber of the New England Farmer says the robins last year took almost his entire crop of Honey and Black Heart cherries, some four or five bushels, a large share of his strawberries and peas, and injured his Bartlett pears. And Mr. Lincoln, Secretary of the Worcester Horticultural Society, says in his Report:—

"He has beheld the very finest specimens of the strawberry and raspberry, in the development and exhibition of which he anticipated more pleasure than from their consumption, disappear down the insatiate maw of these statutory pets. Quite recently, before sunrise, when they ought to have been diligently occupied in works of mututinal usefulness, he has startled them, in the great flocks into which they gather before migration, from his Bartlett pears, where they had been presenting their bills and impressing their private stamp without Federal or proprietary license. But he prefers rather to rely upon the evidence of His Excellency the Governor, the commander-in-chief of an army and navy that yet was inadequate to save his pears: upon the testimony of ex-Gov. Lincoln, whose strawberries were sedulously tended, and when ripening were summarily stripped; upon Messrs. John C. Ripley, George Jaques, O. B. Hadwen and J. Henry Hill, gentlemen deservedly high in your confidence and in that of the public, who all concur in the opinion that the robin is an incorrigible thief, and an unmitigated nuisance. Gentlemen are they, also, of refined sensibilities, to whom the song of birds is as joyous as to those whose exquisite tenderness is wounded by the proposed outlawry of a single variety of the feathered race. Members of this society are constantly testing new discoveries in pomology, as much for the public benefit as for their private enjoyment. Their labor will be utterly nugatory, if its fruit is to be subject to legalized depredation. Your secretary would advise that the society address a memorial to the General Court, asking for a repeal of all laws that protect the American robin, or their amendment so far at least as to allow individuals to shoot them upon their own premises."

CHARLES DICKENS.—An excellent portrait of Mr. Dickens has been published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York. A copy of it is to be presented to each subscriber to their cheap edition of Dickens's works.

BALDHEADEDNESS.

A Montana correspondent of the *Journal of Health*, avows that exposure to the sun and air will cure baldheadedness. He says:

"A friend of mine who had the misfortune to be baldheaded, knowing that there is a wonderful invigorating power in the sun's rays, last spring threw away his hat, and worked in the gulch all spring, summer, and fall bareheaded, and also for the first few days at mid-day. For a few days the rays of the hot sun on his head were almost unendurable; after that time he experienced no uneasiness whatever. The result was that in the fall he had a good head of hair. And in this experiment he was not alone—several of his acquaintances who were baldheaded having followed the same plan, they were all fortunate enough to experience the same result."

George Munday, the "hatless prophet" of this city, used always to go about our streets bareheaded, but he was bald notwithstanding. But then, if we remember rightly, he used to keep on the shady side of the street in the summer time, which perhaps was the reason that his hair did not grow on the top of his head.

We should think that going bareheaded in the sun here in Philadelphia, in the summer time, would result either in a new crop of hair or a sun-stroke, in proportion to the thickness of a man's skull and the amount of his brains. But then we judge from the receipt as given above, that it is not absolutely necessary to try the experiment at mid-day; and by beginning early in the Spring, there is no knowing how accustomed one's brains might become to the sun's rays by July. Why not try it, oh ye generation of baldheads? Fling away your hats, and walk on the sunny side of the street, and in the open fields. Or, if you want to save appearances, cut the crowns out of your hats, and then only very tall men can see what you are after, while the ladies will be none the wiser.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY COMPANY.—By the Forty-Fifth Annual Report of this excellent Institution, we see that it is being conducted with energy and ability, and that it is well patronized by our citizens. The great want of the Library now is more money—to pay for the Franklin Market property, and to make the necessary improvements. Where are all the wealthy men of Philadelphia, that enough do not come forward and contribute the funds required? Why there are many of our citizens, who could singly give the necessary amount, and not feel it. Come gentlemen, some one of you hand over $50,000, and have your name go down to posterity in connection with the Library, for your grand-children and great-grand-children to be proud of—and, what is more, for the good you will do by such benevolence. Do not leave the matter till you die, as Stephen Girard foolishly did, but give the money now, and see yourself that it is judiciously expended.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HUMAN LIFE IN SHAKESPEARE. By HENRY GILES, author of "Illustrations of Genius," &c. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The seven essays which compose this volume were originally delivered as Lectures before the Lowell Institute of Boston. Such was their popularity, that though the hall held twelve hundred people, it would not accommodate all who wished to be present. The lectures were therefore repeated on the afternoons of the days following their regular delivery. The subjects of the essays are, "The Growing and Perpetual Influence of Shakespeare;" "Human Life in Shakespeare;" "Man in Shakespeare;" "Woman in Shakespeare;" "Shakespeare's Comic Power;" Shakespeare's Tragic Power" and "Shakespeare's Personality." We regret to hear that Mr. Giles's health is at present very poor indeed. He says himself, speaking of his lectures, "I was then in health and spirits; now, alas, I am in an illness which will close but with my death." We hope this volume will have a large sale, and earnestly commend it to our readers. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

FATHER TOM AND POPE; OR, A NIGHT AT THE VITICAN. By the late JOHN FISHER MURRAY. Illustrated. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE FOR THE YEAR 1865. This Report is embellished with engravings of the Iowa State Agricultural College, a number of Apples, Pears, &c., short-horn Cows, &c. It contains a large amount of information upon agricultural matters.

THE NEW ECLECTIC. A new Magazine containing selections from the English and Continental periodicals. Published by Turnbull & Murdoch, Baltimore.

IVANHOE. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

NEW GRAMMAR OF FRENCH GRAMMARS. By Dr. V. DE FIVAS, M. A. This professes to comprise the substance of all the most approved French grammars extant. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

ALIVE TO HIM.—A follower of Pythagoras once bought a pair of shoes from a cobbler, for which he promised to pay him on a future day. On that day he took the money, but, finding the cobbler had died in the interim, returned, secretly rejoicing that he could retain the money, and get a pair of shoes for nothing. "His conscience, however," says Seneca, "would not allow him to rest, till taking up the money, he went back to the cobbler's shop, and casting in the money, said—'Go thy way, for though he is dead to all the world beside, yet *he is alive to me*.'"

☞ Boston exceeds in taxable property the whole state of Missouri, by sixteen million dollars. Ward four of Boston is taxed for as much property as the whole city of St. Louis.

☞ A certain deacon being accustomed to snore while he slept in church, received the following polite note:—"Deacon Smith is requested not to commence snoring tomorrow until the sermon is begun, as some persons in the neighborhood of his pew would like to hear the text."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

IMPEACHMENT.—The summons to the President to appear in the Court of Impeachment on the 13th, was served on Saturday, by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate.

The Impeachment Managers are taking testimony in regard to speeches made by the President during his Western tour.

In the Senate, on the 13th, the galleries, &c., being crowded, the Chief Justice took the chair, and Senators Edmunds, Patterson and Vickers were sworn as members of the Impeachment Court. Senator Doolittle was absent. The Impeachment managers, followed by members of the House, entered the Senate Chamber. Messrs. Stanberry, Curtis and Nelson, counsel for the President, appeared, and asked for forty days' time in which to prepare the answer to the impeachment charges. This application was opposed by the managers, who said the President should have been ready with his answer, so that the trial might at once proceed. Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, moved that the President be allowed until the 1st of April to answer. The Court took a recess, at the expiration of which the Chief Justice announced that it had decided that the answer shall be made in ten days—on the 23d of March. Mr. Bingham, for the managers, moved that before the filing of the replication by the managers, the trial proceed forthwith. The motion was lost—yeas 25, nays 26. Senator Sherman moved that the trial proceed on the 6th of April. Senator Wilson moved to amend by making it the 1st of April. He withdrew his amendment to allow of one by Senator Conkling, that unless otherwise ordered for cause shown the trial shall proceed immediately after the filing of the replication. The motion as amended was carried, the Democratic Senators voting in the negative, and the Senate adjourned.

CONGRESS.—In the House, Mr. Schenck's bill to exempt manufactures from tax, was reported back from the Ways and Means Committee and passed with but two dissenting votes.

Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, offered a resolution looking to a reduction of the tariff in the same ratio with the proposed reduction of the internal tax.

In the Senate on the 10th, a petition was presented to abolish the Presidential office. Mr. Vickers, Senator elect from Maryland, was sworn in, after an attempt by Mr. Sumner to have his case referred to a committee, on the ground that Maryland did not possess a Republican form of government.

The new Supplementary Reconstruction Bill has become a law.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In the Pennsylvania Senate, on the 10th, the Registry Act was passed by 14 yeas to 9 nays. The bill to limit the time for bringing suits against Passenger Railway Companies, was also passed.

The Pennsylvania Republican Convention met on the 11th inst., in Philadelphia. Resolutions were adopted declaring for Grant and Curtin, as President and Vice President, and that the public debt should be paid "in the utmost good faith, and to the full extent of its legal requirements." Also approving Impeachment. General Hartranft and Colonel Campbell were re-nominated for Auditor General and Surveyor General.

GEORGIA.—The Georgia Convention has put into the new Constitution of that state a provision that no divorce shall be granted without a concurrent verdict in Court of two juries. Divorces by the State Legislature, and by the Judges of Courts are prohibited.

The Convention has adopted an ordinance requiring voters on the new Constitution to take oath that they have not attempted to dissuade any one from voting.

On the 11th, the Convention passed a resolution, asking Congress to remove the political disabilities from all the citizens of Georgia. The Constitution was adopted as a whole—yeas 112, nays 14—not voting 15.

Sergeant Bates, who is carrying the Union flag through the South, has arrived at Augusta, Ga. He has been very hospitably received everywhere in his Southern tour.

ALABAMA.—General Grant reported from General Meade, that there were 70,812 votes cast under the Reconstruction Laws for the adoption of the Alabama State Constitution, and 1,005 against it. The whole number of registered voters is 171,000.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The New Hampshire election took place on the 10th. Two hundred and twenty-three towns give the following result:—

Harriman	39,531
Sinclair	36,023
Scattering	26

The remaining towns last year gave Sinclair a majority of 116. The Republican majority will probably be about 2,500—against 3,100 last year.

MAINE.—A. D. Munson, Republican, was elected Mayor of Portland, Me., on the 9th inst., by 157 majority.

LOUISIANA.—The new Constitution adopted by the Louisiana Convention, was signed on the 7th by 67 of the members—7 refusing to sign it.

The election for the new Constitution and for state officers, is to be held on the 20th of April.

WASHINGTON.—Judge Fisher, of the Criminal Court at Washington, has decided not to allow the requisition of the Governor of Virginia for the surrender of a fugitive from justice, on the ground that Virginia is not a state in the Union.

The nominations of J. Ross Browne as Minister to China, and Chas. K. Tuckerman of New York, as Minister to Greece, have been confirmed by the United States Senate.

The bill restoring to the market the even numbered sections of land along the Pacific Railroad has been signed by the President.

Attorney-General Stanberry has resigned, in order to act as counsel for the President in the Impeachment trial.

ANOTHER FENIAN RAID.—Active military and naval preparations are being made at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, against an apprehended Fenian raid from California.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Republican Convention has nominated a negro, named Cardozo, for Secretary of State. Half the delegates chosen to the Chicago Convention are colored.

WISCONSIN.—The proposed amendment to the Wisconsin Constitution, giving the right of suffrage to women, has been defeated. The resolution submitting it to a vote at the election in 1868 was lost—Yeas, 30; nays, 41.

NEW YORK.—The Democratic Convention nominated a full delegation to the National Convention. Ex-Governor Seymour declined being a candidate for the Presidential nomination. He made a speech on the financial question, &c., taking strong ground against repudiation, and favoring a speedy enhancement of the value of greenbacks to the par of gold, as being best for all parties, laboring men, tax payers, and bond holders.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The South Carolina Convention has adopted an ordinance compelling voters for the new Constitution "to support the regular nominees of the party." It has refused to adopt a portion of the franchise report requiring an educational qualification after 1875; but agreed on the usual disqualifying clauses.

VIRGINIA.—Judge Underwood, in the U. S. Court at Richmond, has ordered a further postponement of the trial of Jefferson Davis until the 14th of April next. The reason is understood to be, the engagement of Chief Justice Chase at present on the Impeachment trial at Washington.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Republican Convention met at Worcester and chose delegates to the Presidential Convention. Resolutions were adopted approving impeachment, and declaring for General Grant and Senator Wilson as President and Vice President. The platform says nothing about the finances.

Foreign Intelligence.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In Parliament, on Tuesday evening, the 10th inst., there was a long and warm debate on the condition of Ireland.

The Fenians recently captured in Wales have been indicted for high treason.

General Dix has arrived in London to assist in the negotiations for the settlement of the Alabama claims.

In the House of Commons it has been decided to pass Mr. Gladstone's bill abolishing the Church rates.

The Prince of Wales is soon to visit Ireland. Great preparations are being made for his reception in Cork.

PRUSSIA.—The treaty between Prussia and Germany, relative to the rights of naturalized citizens, has been ratified.

It is reported that Prussia has offered to act as arbiter between Great Britain and the United States, in the case of the Alabama claims, but Lord Stanley made some slight objections to the proposition.

FRANCE.—In the Corps Legislatif on the 6th, the law for the regulation of the press was again under consideration. The clause forbidding private allusions was adopted by a large majority after a short debate. On the 9th, the bill was passed as amended. Yeas, 242; nays, 1.

It is reported in Paris that Louis Napoleon will visit St. Petersburg in June.

ITALY.—Admiral Farragut and his officers received a hearty welcome from the municipal authorities of Naples.

A company of Canadian Papal Zouaves have arrived at Rome.

The Papal troops at Rome are hereafter to be armed with the American breech-loader, known as the Remington rifle, the Papal authorities considering it better than the Chassepot rifle of the French army.

ABYSSINIA.—Despatches from Annesley Bay state that King Theodorus had arrived in the immediate neighborhood of Maydalo with his troops and war material. The British were rapidly pushing ahead under General Napier.

MEXICO.—The latest intelligence from Mexico indicates the end of the brief period of tranquillity which that country has enjoyed since the fall of the Empire and the death of Maximilian. Mexico, it would seem, is emerging again to its normal condition of broils and bloodshed. From all parts of the compass—from Yucatan, Guerrero, Tulancingo, Huachinango, Durango—tidings fly to the capital of fresh revolts and of old ones strengthening. It is never accurate to speak of a "reign of peace" in Mexico—at best, it is only an interregnum.

SOUTH AMERICA.—The cholera continues to make terrible ravages in the Argentine Confederation. The inhabitants of Buenos Ayres denounce the cowardice of the physicians, who continue to fly the country. In Cordova there had been 7,000 victims.

☞ "DIRECT PRAYING."—A Maine correspondent of the Green Mountain Herald gives the following as the form of prayer by a class of people called "new lights," and who believe both in *direct preaching and direct praying*:—

"Lord, have mercy on sister Kelly, who gets up, cuffs the cat, kicks the dog, scolds her husband all the morning, and then goes to meeting, and gets up and talks right on top of it."

☞ JUVENILE LITERATURE.—The latest specimen of juvenile literature is this:—As Wi-li-i-am Willk-ins was walk-ing in the garden one day, he met his dear sis-ter, and thus he did say: "Why is a squash like a little news-boy?" She gave it up. "Because," said this wick-ed boy, "the old-er he grows the more of a yell-er he will be." His good grandmamma overheard him, and went to bed sick with grief.

☞ But one-eleventh of the membership of the Evangelical churches of Vermont consists of males under forty.

☞ Paris has now twenty-three horse-flesh markets.

☞ From Mos-Wechusett, or Arrow-head Hill, which is situated on the isthmus which connects the peninsula of Squantum with the mainland, the word "Massachusetts" was derived.

☞ The Presbyterian Union Convention, in session at Indianapolis, has adopted a minute approving the basis of union laid down by the Philadelphia Convention.

☞ Tennyson's income is reported to be about ten thousand pounds per annum, and steadily increasing. He is very industrious—reading, meditating and writing seven or eight stanzas a day.

☞ Near Scottville, Illinois, when well diggers reach a depth of five or six feet the ground takes fire spontaneously and burns continuously. The citizens are puzzled and alarmed.

☞ D. Chaillu tells of an African king with three hundred wives and seven hundred children, who yet takes a new bride every week.

THE STEAM MAN.

He Arrives in New York, and Astonishes the Metropolitans.

The inventor and exhibitor of the Newark steam man, Mr. Zadoc Dederick, has improved the occasion of the Barnum fire excitement by hiring rooms in the opposite house, on Broadway, for the purpose of exhibiting this eighth wonder of the world. As a speculative enterprise the idea must have been a success, for at 10 o'clock this morning a large number of persons had congregated at the door clamorously seeking admission. Amongst those who sought admission was one of our reporters, who thus describes his interview with this last specimen of the *genus homo*:—

Mr. Steam Man is a person of commanding presence, standing seven feet nine inches in his stocking vamps, weighs 500 pounds, measures 200 inches round the waist, and decidely bucolic in general appearance. At this early hour in the morning he was rather *in dishabille*, and minus his pants. This circumstance, though detracting rather from his comeliness, was yet more than counterbalanced by the greater facilities it gave for the study of human anatomy, and was eagerly availed of for that purpose. The legs are made of iron cranks, screws, springs *ad infinitum*, not quite as attractive in exterior as those we see in the weekly pictorials, but evidently of greater durability and strength. The motion of the legs is almost *fac simile* to that of the human extremities, and the manner in which they are set agoing strikingly calls to mind the philosophic apostrophe of the human donkey to his namesake, "How fearfully and wonderfully we are made." The abdominal region is occupied by a good-sized furnace, which was in full blast. The steam man's boiler is delicately concealed from the profanity of the public gaze, but is presumed to be somewhere above the furnace. This complex piece of machinery once got out of order, but was happily restored after a careful investigation of the cause and the application of the appropriate remedy. The steam whistle is fixed in his mouth, the gauge at the back of the head, and the safety valve in an appropriate position. He wears a large stove-pipe hat—stove-pipe literally, for it is through the cranium the funnel passes. His hands are gloved, a good moustache ornaments his face, and in outward garb he is rather good-looking than otherwise.

The steam man proper is but the figure-head, as it were, of a handsome phæton, capable of accommodating four persons, together with a tank to contain half a day's supply of water and a bunk for a day's coal. The entire driving machinery is at the rear of the steam man and within easy grasp of the driver seated on the front seat, who at any time can increase or diminish the speed, turn, stop, curve, etc. Twenty pounds of steam will set the man in motion, and twenty cents' worth of coal will work him for a day—so the inventor avers.

It was the original intention of Mr. Dederick to have exhibited the steam man to-day in full running motion, but this he says would not be permitted by the insurance company. He says that he can easily accomplish a mile in two minutes on a level course, and offers to test this on Long Island Course as soon as the weather gets fine. The engine is four-horse power, and the man takes thirty inches in each stride. Perhaps the most extraordinary attribute of the animal is the faculty of stepping over all obstructions not higher than a foot. (Of course, all these assertions are the inventor's, and not the result of the reporter's investigations.) It or he may be detached from a phæton, and yoked to a sleigh or any kind of wagon. Mr. Dederick is ready to procreate steam men at a cost of $300 apiece. He will also shortly produce a steam horse adapted to ploughing and the heavier kinds of draught and burden. Whether the steam man prove of any practical good or not, he is unquestionably a great curiosity.—*New York Express.*

Wonderful Mechanical Genius.

A youth, aged eighteen, belonging to a respectable family of Paris, had, about a year ago, been condemned for theft to five years imprisonment. His conduct in Prison being quite exemplary, he gained the good opinion of the director, who soon remarked in him a peculiar aptness for mechanical contrivances. A few days ago he begged to tell him what o'clock it was that he might set his watch.

"You have a watch, then?" asked the director.

"Only since yesterday, sir," said the prisoner, and to the astonishment of the director produced one made of straw! The little masterpiece is two inches and-a-half in diameter, about half an inch thick, and will go for three hours without winding up. The dial plate is of paper, and a pretty straw chain is attached to the whole. The instruments the youth had at his command were two needles, a pin, a little straw, and thread. Several persons of distinction, moved by his surprising genius for mechanics, are endeavoring to obtain his liberation.

☞ What is the difference between our reason and animals' instinct? A short time since, in England, a brute attempted to murder a girl he had ruined. He stabbed her thirteen times. She swooned from loss of blood. When she recovered her senses she attempted to return home, but fainted before she had gone half way. In the lane where she fell there were two calves feeding some distance from her. After she fell they went to her and lay one on each side of her, keeping her warm and staunching her wounds by getting close to her and licking her face and gashes, until she was discovered by some passer. Could instinct alone enable them to pursue this course of reasoning: warmth is necessary to life; loss of blood is fatal to life; therefore to save her life let us give her warmth and close her wounds?

☞ A young man named Hays, was arrested at Evansville, Indiana, on a charge of horse-stealing preferred by his father. The old man had given his son a horse on condition that he would not marry a certain girl. He married her, however, and took the horse to Evansville and swapped him off for another animal. The young man was committed to jail.

Leap Year.

The custom of giving the ladies additional privileges and powers during Leap Year, seems to have originated in a legal enactment. The following is the enactment of ye ancient time:—

"When returneth ye Bisextile year then schall ye laydies in all countryes and landes be ye onlie gallantes; and then may they make love unto ye menne, by looks or wordes or alle menes that do seem proper to them, onlie they schall use no force, but only take them husbands fairlie. And no manne schall put by or reject enne faire offer nor cause too much suing except he lose benefit of clergy therefor."

An old Saxon law is said to read thus:—

"Albeit, as often as Leape Yeare dothe occure, the women holdeth prerogative over the mennie in matter of courtshipe, love and matrimonee; so that when the ladie proposeth, it shall not be lawful for men to say her nae, but shall receive her proposal in all good courtliness."

During the past eighteen centuries the ladies have enjoyed these Leap Year privileges.

☞ When we say of a shiftless fellow that he does not "earn his salt," we unconsciously allude to an ancient custom among the Romans. Among them a man was said to be in possession of a "salary" who had his "*salarium*," his allowance of salt-money, or of salt, wherewith to savor the food by which he lived. Thus *salary* comes from *salt*—and in this view of the word how many there are who do not "earn their salt."

☞ Every entomologist knows how indifferent are insects to mutilations that would be instant death to a quadruped. Mr. Stoddart, in his entertaining little volume, "Angling Reminiscences," has put it beyond all probability of doubt that fishes feel no hurt from the hook. Think of that!

☞ Efforts are being made to introduce the tea plant into California. Recently a box of tea-seed was received in San Francisco from Japan. The Agricultural Society have given instructions for its cultivation. The importance of this new addition to the agricultural resources of the Pacific slope is apparent. Little difficulty can attend its cultivation, as the plant is very hardy and will grow on the foot hills. The preparation of the leaves for the market is not difficult. Within a short time the English have successfully introduced this plant into Northern India, from which they now export annually several million pounds at higher rates than is to be obtained for the Chinese article.

☞ A woman in Paris, with rather an Indian type of features, has of late been very much remarked for the peculiar dinner she orders at the several restaurants to which she accords her patronage. She is about twenty-six years of age, wears a plaid dress of rather a "loud pattern," her features are very regular, and her teeth are exquisitely white. She orders, constantly, but one dish, composed of about a pound of *raw beefsteak*, cut from the sirloin. She eats but little bread, the better to eat more meat, which she pronounces to be delicious, and would eat more heartily only for its high price.

☞ An English clergyman has been brought before a magistrate and compelled to pay costs of five and twenty shillings for "keeping an illegal lottery," the offence consisting in a raffle for fancy articles, which was one of the incidents of a fair to obtain funds for enlarging his church. As a London paper had it, he pleaded, like Hamlet, that it "was common," and the Bench answered, like Portia, that "he himself should see the Act that made it unlawful. The penalty for this offence was so large, £300 fine, or three months' imprisonment, that the justice decided not to inflict it in this case, which he called "an inadvertance," but the incident is held up as an "awful warning" to the public.

☞ "Can water run up hill?" asked a nine-year-old of Paterfamilias. "No, my son," was the reply. "But the Mississippi runs up hill, if my map's right," persisted the youngster. "All rivers that run towards the Equator *must* run up hill, if the Geography is right about the shape of the Earth." Papa scratched his head, and concluded that bed-time for children had arrived.

☞ Many a member of Congress, when he is in his seat, is out of his place.

☞ Jack Howard, of Bradford, England, is matched to jump over a full-sized billiard table lengthways.

☞ The poorhouse in Brunswick, Me., took fire and the flames were put out by snowballing them.

☞ The Paris managers put a new play upon the stage with wonderfully short dresses. The papers notice the indelicacy, the piece is made an immediate success, and then the dresses are lengthened to avoid the interference of the police.

☞ Among the recently-announced patents is one of a watch-case that is dust-proof and water-proof. The inventor washes the outside of the watches having the improvement, and leaves them in a pail of water over night without injuring them.

☞ A man in Bernardston has a "very able" hen. In April she came off with ten chickens, in June with fourteen, and in September with eleven more, making a total of thirty-five chickens. Her first brood began to lay in August, and this winter the "old woman" has laid thirty eggs herself.

☞ The following left-handed compliment was recently paid by a gentleman who had occasion to go to a grocer for a pound of tea. When the article was done up, he took the package and turning it over in his hand, smiling said to the grocer, "Hyson, you've done this thing up nicely, very nicely. Hang me, if you don't put up a pound of tea in the smallest package I ever saw."

☞ The young gentleman who sang—

"My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee,"

has been solemnly assured by the young lady's paternal relative that it would be quite impossible to support a family from the receipts of such a *store*, and earnestly enjoined not to undertake the experiment with any member of his household.

☞ COMPETITION.—Competition has ruined the bandit business in Mexico. A robber, recently caught, expressed his cheerful willingness to be shot, as he could no longer make a respectable living at his calling.

March.

The origin of blustering, disagreeable March is traced to Romulus, who, it is said, called it after his supposed father, Mars, the god of war. It was the first month of the year until Numa added January and February, B. C. 713. The year once began on the 25th of March, which was accordingly New Year's Day in very old times. And what a Happy New Year Day it must have seasonably been! Our Saxon forefathers called the month "Lenetmonat," or "length-month," because in it the length of the day begins to exceed that of the night. The word "Lenet" also signifies spring, and March is therefore also (and often mis) called the "spring month." As the season now known as Lent usually began in this month, it was called the "Lenet" or "spring fast," which has since been abbreviated into Lent.

☞ A PAPER CHURCH.—There is a church actually existing near Bergen, Prussia, which can contain nearly 1,000 persons. It is circular within, octagonal without. The reliefs outside, and the statues within; the roof, the ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all of papier-mache, rendered waterproof by saturation in vitriol, lime-water, whey, and white of egg.

☞ A woman, with a child in her arms, was a few days soliciting charity from door to door in Bridgeport. She wanted, if possible, to raise money enough to get her child's photograph taken.

☞ A three-year old boy of a Pittsfield clergyman, watching his mother making biscuit one Sunday for tea, asked her if it was not wicked to work on Sunday. Of course she said it was, and the logical little chap continued, "'Oo'll catch it when 'oo get to heaven!"

☞ After a long period of wet weather, when they have prayed vainly for relief, the Chinese put their gods in the rain, to see how they like it.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 10½@11 cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 80 ₱ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 7@8¾ cts ₱ lb. 5000 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 14,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

H. H. H.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cowtf

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "H. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

NO REMEDY has met with so much success in curing diseases of a nervous character, such as Neuralgia, Nerve-ache and other painful nervous affections, as DR. TURNER'S TIC DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. It stimulates the *nerve fluid* and promotes a healthy circulation, consequently these maladies vanish. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra. Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS, subjected to the test of public opinion and public trial for over thirty years; have now the verdict, universally acknowledged the only reliable family remedies in existence. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

For Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, and all affections of the Lungs, take AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is sure to cure them. mar21-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, by Friends' ceremony, in presence of Mayor McMichael, JONATHAN BONSALL, of Columbiana county, Ohio, to REBECCA W. ZELLEY, of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. LEWIS UHOTS to Miss THERESA BRUDEN, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, JOHN T. STEVENS to Miss KATE SHUGARD.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, FREDERICK TALBOT, Esq., of New York, to Miss ISABEL L. ENGARD, of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOHN W. MAGEE, of Pleasant Mills, N. J., to Miss MAGGIE F. RYAN, of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 28th of Feb., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. HARRY DAVENPORT to Miss SARAH A. LUTZ, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 10th instant, LANSING B. FLETCHER, aged 23 years.

On the 10th instant, BENJAMIN B. YOCUM, in his 67th year.

On the 10th instant, SARAH ZIMMERMAN, in her 61st year.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM APPLEGATE, aged 21 years.

On the 9th instant, THEODORE W. BIRKE, in his 24th year.

On the 8th instant, MRS. MARY ANDREWS, in her 83d year.

On the 8th instant, AMANDA F., wife of John Davis, in his 28th year.

On the 7th instant, MRS. ELIZABETH GRAY, aged 67 years.

On the 6th instant, Rev. ROWLAND T. KENSIL, aged 57 years.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The contents of THE POST shall consist as heretofore of the very best original and selected matter. We commenced in the first number of January, a deeply interesting story, called

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS, by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

We shall follow Mrs. Hosmer's story with

TRYING THE WORLD, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Claudia," &c., and

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, by Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman Had her Way," "A Dead Man's Rule," &c.

Besides our original stories, we give

The *GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES*, and also the *NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, THE MARKETS*, &c., &c.

PREMIUMS. Various Premiums, from Pencils to Sewing Machines, including Books, and Silver Plated ware, are given to those getting up Premium Lists. A list of articles, terms, &c., will be sent to any one desirous of getting up a Premium List upon application by letter, inclosing a postage stamp.

The **SEWING MACHINE** Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent.

Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the large Premium Steel Engraving of "Washington at Mount Vernon," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in his Library," as he may prefer.

Our **PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.** For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the splendid portrait of Washington, engraved from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred, *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending a club!*

It will *not* be sent to club subscribers, unless they send one dollar extra.

TERMS. Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—In order that the clubs, and the Premium lists, may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving) **$2.50.**

CLUBS. Two copies, **$4**; Four copies, **$8**; Five (and one gratis) **$8**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12**; Twenty (and one gratis) **$28.** One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.**

Every person getting up either of the above clubs, will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices if desired.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

☞ In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia. If a Post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST are sent on receipt of five cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Mary Stuart.

A London newspaper says:—

Very few persons are, perhaps, aware of the existence of a very peculiar portrait of Mary Stuart—a sketch immediately after death; and when we were favored with a sight of it, it formed part of the collection of pictures in the breakfast-room of Abbotsford. It is a painting of the "Head of Mary, Queen of Scots, in a Charger;" at least, it is so catalogued in the description of the personal property made at Abbotsford, in Sir Walter's own handwriting. The head is laid upon the centre of the dish, and placed in an oblique position, with the ghastly neck nearest the spectator, so that the nose is foreshortened, and the nostrils front you. Such a position must have been a very difficult one for artistic effect; yet, with all the disadvantages, the artist most certainly has achieved wonders.

In spite of the foreshortening, in spite of the livid hue of death, the face is superlatively beautiful, and in gazing at it one can believe any tale of the witchery of her loveliness. The hair, plentifully sprinkled with gray, rolls down in a most remarkable luxuriance, as if to hide the ghastly evidences of decapitation. The nose, of the finest Grecian form, descends from the broad brow, which wears "that width of ridge" Lavator declared was worth a kingdom. The eyebrows are exquisitely arched above the closed eyelids, from beneath which you can almost fancy you discern the gleam of dark melancholy eyes. The mouth is slightly open, and, though somewhat swollen by suffering, is of exquisite formation. The whole picture is terrible, yet lovely; a perfect image of death by violence, of beauty unsubdued by pain.

☞ PRISON DISCIPLINE.—Unmanageable female prisoners at the great jail of St. Lazare, near Paris, are punished by putting them in a wire cage that revolves and exposes them to the view of all the prison. This course is said to be invariably successful.

☞ People perform the greater part of the voyage of life before taking in their ballast; hence so many shipwrecks.

IN THE COLD.

In the cold!
Walking down the frozen street,
In the storm and in the sleet,
With her bare and bleeding feet,
While her pallid lips repeat:
In the cold, in the cold,
One poor lamb out of the fold.

In the cold!
There are hearths where fires burn bright;
There are homes where Love's delight
Beautifies the wintry night,
Unto her there is but blight,
In the cold; in the cold,
One poor lamb out of Love's fold.

In the cold!
Sinless yet, but don't you know
That her want and bitter woe,
May yet be her direst foe,
And she'll go as others go,
Through the cold; through the cold,
One more lamb shut out of the fold!

In the fold!
Mother—Brother—Father—Son—
Sister—Daughter—here is one
Of these blessings having none!
"*Inasmuch as ye have done.*"
Words of gold, though so old,
Lead the lambs safe to the fold!

HOW TO SECURE A HAPPY OLD AGE.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Old age is a distant port, for which the whole human race start, and toward which they steer. Every other one perishes before he ever leaves the harbor. Should every other ship go down before reaching the light-ship off the harbor of New York, it would represent the human race, one-half of which dies in infancy.

Of the other half, at least a half again perishes before reaching the age of forty-five. If we say that beyond the age of sixty one may be called an old man, probably not a quarter of the human race ever reaches old age. The fact that the average of adult life is placed at thirty years, or at thirty-three, is itself a testimony on this subject most remarkable. Men do not on an average live one-half of their days. Eighty years is a fair term of life. Under good conditions, and with proper care, the race of men, comprehensively regarded, do not live forty years. One-half of life is thrown away in every generation. The enormous depredation upon and waste of wealth-power and of happiness, not to say anything of virtue and morality, are worthy of the consideration of political economists.

Men have a right to old age. It is a part of the allotment of life, and it belongs to every one. Men are defrauded if they do not possess it. They get so much less than belongs to the patrimony which God has provided for them. Sometimes men are deprived of it by the sins of their parents or their ancestors. This transmissive law, by which children are punished for the sins of their parents, is silent, is not sonorous, and yet is more august and dreadful than was Sinai when all in flames.

Many children come into life, and the experienced eye pronounces it impossible for them to live many years. Parents weep at the strange providence and mysterious dealings of God, when there is neither strangeness nor mystery in it. Thousands and thousands are born who have a right in life, whose hold upon it is so brittle that the first wind shakes them, and they fall like untimely figs. Some are destroyed by accident, or in the discharge of duties which call them to sacrifice their life to the common weal. The greatest number, however, are deprived of a good old age by their own ignorance or by their own misconduct. Those that reach old age often find that it is a land of sorrow. Such is the spectacle that we witness in many instances, that it is not strange that one desires not to grow old. One dreads to see gray hairs in poverty, in beggary, dependent upon a charity which is inconstant as the tides. One shrinks from old age when it is full of pain, crippled, shrunk, helpless, hopeless, and heedless; and still more when the reason wanes, and *childhood* is the gentle phrase with which we cover up imbecility.

Now old age was not designed to be mournful, but beautiful. Old age is part of a scheme in life which is divine and beautiful from beginning to end. It is the climax of a symphony which is beautiful in its inception, rolling on grandly, and terminating in beauty and pleasure. It is harmonious and admirable, according to the scheme of nature. The charms of infancy, the hope and spring of youth, the vigor and fruitfulness of maturer manhood, the serenity, and tranquil wisdom, and peace of old age—all these together constitute a true human life, with its beginning, middle, and end, a glorious epic.

The end of summer is even more glorious than summer itself, or than its beginning in spring. October is, beyond all comparison, the crowning of the year. And the word of inspiration saith: "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." While a sturdy old man who has corrupted his heart, and fills his life with vices, is a hideous spectacle; so, on the other hand, a pure heart and sweet nature, and generous and charitable soul, walking among the young and among the busy, mildly manifesting what are the fruits of true piety, is at once a blessing and an encouragement. There is nothing more beautiful than a serene, virtuous, happy old age. And such an old age belongs to every individual's life, if he only knows how to get it—how to build it.

Now every one of us—but those first who are beginning in life—are aiming at old age; and I propose to put before you some considerations which shall direct your serious attention to the methods of attaining a serene and happy old age.

I beseech of you, do not think that it is so far off that you need not consider this subject; for with incredibly swift feet it runs; and you that now think of yourselves as young, or at mid-life, long before you are aware of it, will find that others think you are already old. Old age is making haste; and there are none of us that can be young long. Many of us have passed by youth already; and there are none so young but that they are making haste swifter than an eagle's flight toward old age.

In the wisdom of God, moreover, the way to be happy in old age happens to be the way to be happy all the way toward it; and there are double reasons for the consideration of this subject. For it should be borne in mind that *in* old age it is too late to mend. Then you must inhabit what you have built. Old age has the foundations or its joy or sorrow laid in youth. Are you building at twenty *for* twenty? Nay, every stone that is laid down in the foundation takes hold on every stone up to the very eaves of the wall of the building. And every deed, right or wrong, that transpires in youth, reaches forward and has a relation to all the after part of a man's life. For a man's life is not like contiguous cells in a bee's honeycomb. It is more like separate parts of a plan. Every part bears a relation to every other part. That which you do in youth is the root; and all the after part—the middle age and the old age—are branches and fruit; and the root will determine these.

There are many physical elements which enter into a profitable and happy old age. The human body is an instrument of pleasure and of use, built for eighty years' wear. Every man belongs to an economy in which he has a right to calculate on a long life for improvement. Eighty years is a fair term of life.

This body is placed in a world adapted to nourish and to protect it. Nature is congenial. There are elements enough of mischief in it, if a man chooses to find them out. A man can wear his body out as quick as he pleases; he can destroy it if he will; but, after all, the great laws of nature are nourishing laws; and, comprehensively regarded, nature is a universal nurse, a universal physician, guarding us against evil; winning us from it by incipient pains; setting up signals, not outwardly, but inwardly; causing us to experience sorrows and pains for our benefit.

Every immoderate draft which is made by the appetites and by the passions is so much sent forward to be cashed in old age. You sin on one end, but God takes it off on the other. Every man has stored up for him some eighty years, if he knows how to keep them. Those eighty years, like a bank of deposit, are full of treasures; and though, through ignorance or immoderate passions, men are wont to draw checks on old age, they do not suppose they are doing it. The wicked man will not live out half his days. The unvirtuous man we see does not. I need not go out of the town, the city, the street, the store, the office, to find instances of premature exhaustion, or weakness and enfeeblement. I might point to a thousand instances, without going a mile in any direction, of the fulfillment of the decree that unvirtuous men shall not live out half their days. Men are accustomed to look upon the dissipations of youth as something that belongs to their time of life. Men say: "Of course, the young, like colts, will disport themselves. There is no harm in that." I do not object to their vivacity, and to their *disporting themselves*, as you call it, within the bounds of true reason and true health; but I do object to and abhor as worthy to be stigmatized as dishonorable and unmanly, any course in youth that takes away volume, and strength, and vigor, and purity, and the right to a happy old age. I do not believe in a man's taking his old age to wick a candle with which to light him in the vices of youth. Every young man that breaks laws in the use of himself, is taking beforehand those treasures that are stored up in his old age; and when he gets there the food that should have been for his sustenance then will all have been exhausted in riotious living in his youth. Gayety and exhilaration are very wholesome and good. I think that a man is not a good and thorough Christian who is not a happy, cheerful, buoyant Christian. There will be times of public sorrow and revulsion, when there is required stern stuff; there will be times when Christian men have duties that bring out the sterner elements of their character; but these are exceptional cases. The ideal of a true manhood is an ideal of cheerful, buoyant happiness; and I do not object to that; but I object to any man's making an animal of himself, or living for the sake of his animal passions.

People frequently think that the rigor with which we chastise the want of virtue in the young has something of Puritanism in it. Men have an impression that youth is like unfermented wine, which is insipid till it is fermented, when the great body of it becomes real pure wine, between the scum and the sediment, which have been thrown out upon the top and at the bottom. I do not think so. I think, rather, that youth is like the beginning of plant life, and that every wart, every excrescence, is a cause of its enfeeblement. I do not think that any man is better off for having had a career of drunkenness, or lust, or morbid life. A young man that has gone through these things may still be saved; but he certainly has not the sensibility, and purity, and moral stamina that he would have had if he had not gone through with them. He has left much behind him that would have made his manhood stronger and nobler. And I thoroughly disbelieve the doctrine that a young man is better off for having had an experience which mingles his animal nature with the lust of the animal tribe about himself.

Excess in regard to animal indulgence is bankruptcy in old age. It is on this ground that late hours, irregular hours, and irregular sleep are intemperance.

People ask, frequently, "Do you think there is any harm in dancing?" No, I do not. I think there is much good in it. "Do you object, then, to dancing parties?" No, not of themselves I do not. But where unknit youth, where unripe muscle, where unhardened nerves are put through excess of excitement, with stimulants, with irregular food, and food that is unwholesome; where a gayety that is excessive is indulged in by the young all through the nights when they should be sleeping, I object to it. "Why? Because it is dancing?" No, but because it is dissipation. It is taking the time that God unquestionably meant for sleep, and put it to the highest state of exhilaration and excitement. The fault does not lie in the fact that they dance. Why, if it were as the peasants dance; if it were in the open air, and under a tree, and upon the grass, and in the comely hours of a sunshiny day, it might be praised, even. It would not be a virtue; but it would belong to those negative things that are beautiful. But the vassail of the night, and the wastefulness, I will not say of precious hours, but of precious nerves—for hours are not so precious as nerves are; the eating out of life by indulgence is dreadful. And to see it pursued night after night, and week after week, and through the whole season, is painful in the extreme. Blessed be God for Lent. I am not superstitious in regard to religious observances; but I am glad when there are forty days in which men are restrained from debauchery; in which no unlawful pleasure is permitted, and no pleasure is permitted at unseasonable hours in which right habits are enjoined and adhered to.

Irregularity of diet is a matter of no small importance. It is not merely a question of digestion or indigestion. Habits of eating and drinking reach forward and take hold of old age. Children ought to be taught, and parents ought to know enough to teach them, these things. Ignorance of the laws of the physical body, and of health, might not, fifty years ago, have been criminal; but I hold that now no person can be ignorant of those laws and not be guilty of crime. When I am king no man and woman shall be married till they understand the catechism of natural health, and till they understand the fundamental principles of it.

The appetites, either social or solitary, which draw down the vitality and impair the conditions of men, are so many insidious assaults upon old age. I would that men know enough to know how clearly these things are written. God's handwriting is very plain to those who have eyes to see. There is not a physician who has his eyes open to observe, that does not walk through the streets and know men's secret sins as well as though he followed them to their haunts and saw them there. I care not to have men come and tell me their secret courses. I can read them in the skin and in the eye. There is not one appetite or passion that has not its natural language; and there is no possibility of indulging in an appetite or a passion unduly without having it stamped more or less clearly on the face or revealed in the carriage of the body. There is something that tells the expert eye what men are doing. Pride has its natural language; avarice has its natural language; ambition has its natural language; and vices have their natural language, as goodness has its natural language. Men think that if they commit wickedness in secret places they are not discovered; but they are unveiled. They can not hide them. A thousand read, where one says to them, "Thou art guilty."

Stimulants used in youth are so many conspiracies against happiness in old age. Men usually take what they least need. In other words, we follow our strongest faculties, and not our weakest ones. Therefore, if men are excessively nervous, they almost invariably seek to make themselves more so. Men that need most soothing, most quieting, drive themselves up by the most excessive stimulants. I believe there will come a time when men will be very proud of being wholesome; of being clean; of being natural. I think there is a growing approximation toward a better idea of physical manhood. I believe the time will come when men will have as much abhorrence of habits which carry in them unhealth, as now they have of maimings, and woundings, and torturings, and distortions. And I think that in that day there will be a banishment of alcoholic drinks, and a total exclusion of tobacco, the indulgence of which, beginning early, is wasteful all the way through life.

I am proud—I am vain, perhaps I had better say—that I was brought up from my youth to abstain from tobacco, which is unhealthy and filthy from beginning to end.

I believe the day will come when a young man will be proud not to drink, not to use tobacco, not to waste his strength in the indulgence of his animal passions. I believe the day will come when to be true to one's nature, and true to God's law, and to be robust, and cheerful, and strong, and to be conscious that to do this is a part of the commandments of God which we are to keep, making health on that foundation—I believe the day is coming when this is to be an aim of ambition and a matter of praise among men; and I shall hail the day when it comes. —*Herald of Health.*

Tippling Women of New York.

There has been much discussion of an article published in one of our most respectable literary weeklies, some months since, which asserted that the vice of intemperance was appallingly prevalent among the women of New York city. Not the low and degraded creatures who mock womanhood with their orgies in the Five Points and Water street localities, but fashionable women—women who move in good society, dress with elegance, and have the manners and the education of the better classes.

The statements of the article have been indignantly denied in some quarters, and its author has been pronounced a villifier of his fair countrywomen. It is never an agreeable task to expose to the public gaze vices that affect the morality of any class of persons, and especially of women; but, if exposure is necessary to secure reform, it becomes the duty of some one to bring to light the hidden evil. Is it true, then, that in New York women are in the habit of tippling? In answer to this question I will present some facts which have come to my knowledge, and the reader may then draw his own conclusions. I propose neither to moralize nor generalize, but to particularize.

There is—or there was very recently—a daughter of one of the most prominent and wealthy business men of New York, an inmate of an asylum for the cure of habitual inebriates. She is, aside from this sad vice, a young lady who, it is said, has adorned the circles of New York society in which she moved. She had become so wedded to the habit of getting intoxicated, that it was deemed imperatively necessary to remove her from the reach of temptation, and subject her to a course of medical treatment that might break up the fatal practice.

Near Fifth Avenue, in a fashionable uptown street, there is a genteel hotel—or more strictly speaking, a boarding house for fashionable families, though it calls itself a hotel, and bears a sign over the door to the effect. There is no public bar in this place, and it is not open for the accommodation of travellers. Its inmates are composed exclusively of well-to-do families, and individuals of both sexes, who all dress, converse and behave as fashionable New Yorkers commonly dress, converse and behave. A lady of my acquaintance who boarded in this house last winter, relates that the use of liquor was common with several of the women who lived there. There was especially one woman—a charming person in other respects—who was almost habitually tipsy, and visited the rooms of other ladies while in that condition. One night, at the hour of two o'clock, this lady came to the room of my acquaintance and rapped loudly. When the door was opened the visitor entered in a state of beastly intoxication—when, with a thick and stumbling utterance, she declared that she was sick and wanted brandy.

"I have no brandy," was the reply. "Go back to bed."

The woman refused to go without brandy. She made such a disturbance that the occupants of the other rooms were roused, and it was finally found necessary to put her out of the room by main force.

The next day the nocturnal visitor called upon the lady she had disturbed, and made an abject apology. She said that her husband had taken her brandy bottle from her, and that the deprivation drove her nearly wild.

So much annoyance was occasioned by the conduct of this victim of debasing appetite, that it was resolved to complain of her to the landlady, and secure her ejection from the house. The resolution was taken at a late hour at night, when she was creating a disturbance. When the complainers reached the door of the landlady's room—which was on the first floor, a considerable distance from the scene of disturbance—they paused, hearing a high voice speaking within. What was their consternation at finding that the landlady herself was drunk, and that her husband was at that moment taking her to task for it! Of course all purpose of complaining was at once abandoned. I know another instance of a lady who was found staggering about the hall of a large hotel, in a state of profound intoxication.

One night, when I was returning home, between two and three o'clock, from my usual labors in the office of one of the New York morning papers, my attention was attracted by a group of persons, faultlessly attired and of genteel aspect—save that they were all more or less drunk. There were two ladies and two gentlemen. One of the ladies was nearly helpless from intoxication, the other was only drunk enough to be silly, and, in short, unladylike. So bad was her behavior that I believed her to be a woman of bad repute; but subsequently learned that she was the young and idolized daughter of one of our most respectable families.

The above are "after dark" examples, the sun shines on others quite as painful.

My sister, a widow lady from the interior of the state, now visiting in the city, called on me to-day at my office. She informs me that a well dressed woman, well appearing in other respects, in the street car that she had just left, was so deeply intoxicated that she was incapable of entering or leaving the car without assistance. She also tells me that on the Hudson river steamboat which brought her to town a few weeks since, a New York lady, of elegant manners and dress, and whose conversation had charmed her during the evening, confidently offered her a "swig" from her brandy bottle, as they were retiring to their state room for the night.

"Thank you, I never taste liquor," said my sister.

"No? so much the better for you. As for me, I cannot exist without it."

One of the fashionable "institutions" of New York is that which is termed a "lady's lunch." It is in reality an elaborate dinner, for which invitations are extended to ladies only, and is given at an hour of the day when the gentlemen are down town at their business, in Wall street and elsewhere. These "lunches" are common in Fifth Avenue, and on all the fashionable "squares" and "places." There are generally given with the "lunch," or dinner, the following courses of beverages: with oysters, Chablis or Sautorne; with the soup and fish, sherry; with the meats, champagne and Burgundy; and after coffee, curacoa, anisettee, and other "liquors," and frequently brandy. As a natural result, the ladies get hilarious, some of them deeply intoxicated, and scenes and dances follow, that, to say the least, would not be indulged in elsewhere. The orgy is kept up till exhaustion supervenes, and at about five o'clock P. M. the feminine debauchee enter their carriages and are driven to their "aristocratic" homes.

The foregoing facts I can testify to. With regard to the statement that there are dressmakers who furnish their customers wine, brandy and whiskey, I cannot speak from knowledge. Such other facts, as the merriment of fashionable ladies over champagne at dinners; their drinking beer at oyster saloons; their calling for whiskey slings and gin cocktails in popular Broadway restaurants, and the like, I deem too common, too well known, too obvious to every-day observers to call for mention.

These facts are given, not to cater to a vicious taste for scandal, but to call attention to a growing evil, against which the public sentiment should be aroused before it assumed proportions too large to defy correction. Further than this I offer no comment on them.—W. W. S., in the *Watchman and Reflector.*

☞ The dog of a Pittsburg oil refinery recently came to an untimely end in this wise: It seems he had an unaccountable dislike to passenger trains, and this day, as usual, he ran in front of the up-train, when his caudal appendage was caught under the wheel and cut off short. With a yell he sprang at the train, and this time his head went under and was neatly clipped off. For five minutes after the decapitation, the dog's jaws moved in the act of barking, though, having no lungs to go on, no sound could be distinguished. Just as his eyes were about closing in death, a medical gentleman, as an experiment, placed the severed tail before them, which immediately opened in recognition, and filled with tears. The physician firmly believes that the dog was so exasperated and grieved at the loss of his tail that he died utterly unconscious of the loss of his head.

☞ The depth of frost in the ground this winter is pronounced by railroad men greater than for any winter for forty years.

IT ISN'T ALL "IN BRINGING UP."

It isn't all in "bringing up,"
Let folks say what they will—
To silver-scour a pewter cup
It will be pewter still;
E'en he of old, wise Solomon,
Who said, "train up a child,"
If I mistake not, had a son
Proved rattle-brained and wild.

A man of mark, who fain would pass
For lord of sea and land,
May have the training of a son
And bring him up full grand—
May give him all the wealth of lore,
Of college and of school,
Yet, after all, may make no more
Than just a decent fool.

Another, raised by penury,
Upon her bitter bread,
Whose road to knowledge is like that
The good to Heaven must tread,
Has got a spark of Nature's light;
He'll fan it to a flame,
Till in its burning letters bright
The world may read his name.

If it were all in "bringing up,"
In counsel and restraint,
Some rascals had been honest men—
I'd been myself a saint.
O! 'tisn't all in "bringing up,"
Let folks say what they will;
Neglect may dim a silver cup—
It will be silver still.

Married on Her Tenth Birthday.

I.

Wherever a few men are thrown together in very close and constant association—as, for example, in the management of different departments of the same business—they fall, as if by gravitation, into certain definite and fixed relationships towards each other, which soon become so well recognized and admitted that any inversion of them would seem unnatural.

And in all such small societies, whatever types of character are missing, we may count with certainty on finding the wit and the butt.

Indeed, I undertake to say with confidence that the reader never knew any half-score of men, exclusively associated, one of whom was not recognized as the sayer of smart things, and another as the good-natured, stupid fellow on whom it was always safe to crack your joke.

At the establishment of Tovey and Brother, in the Borough, these two characters were as well known as Tovey and Brother themselves, and I propose now to make them known to the reader.

I take it for granted that he does already know Tovey and Brother, and is not one of those who make the gross mistake of calling that eminent firm Tovey Brothers.

To speak of "Tovey Brothers" is, in fact, to be guilty of a very unjustifiable misrepresentation—as if the brothers were on an equal footing. Whereas the title of "Tovey and Brother" explains itself, and enables any reflecting person to understand at once that "Tovey" is Tovey pure and simple—the head of the firm; while "Brother," though Tovey too, is only Tovey with a limitation.

In the house itself the one is always known as Mr. Tovey, and the other as Mr. Charles; and if the reader has any thought of opening an account with the firm, it may be useful to him to bear that in mind.

Unless, however, he is himself in a considerable way of business, Tovey and Brother will not thank him for his account, they being only wholesale, and wholesale on the very largest scale.

When you enter their place of business, you might wonder (if every one did not know already) what it is that they deal in. A few scores of little bottles ranged on shelves, and filled with various colored liquids and powders; a few scores of little polished mahogany cases, each with its printed Latin label; this is all in the way of stock that meets the eye.

But when you see the long array of well-bound ledgers, journals, cash-books, you need no further assurance that they do deal in something more than little bottles.

When you see Mr. Tovey and Mr. Charles, you do not need to be told that they are prosperous men, and that their rosy faces and portly shapes are those of men who have long known something about bigger bottles than any you see upon their shelves.

Ordinarily, however, you might go in without much chance of seeing either of them. To get to their private offices you have to go through the clerk's office first, and then through Mr. Splutter's. And unless your business is of very unusual importance, you will find it quite within the capacity of one of the clerks, or, they failing, then certainly within Mr. Splutter's, without interruption to the newspaper of either of the principals.

I myself confess that I never in point of fact got beyond the clerks' office, and have always had a very considerable awe of Mr. Splutter, the great man's great man, and manager.

Not that he was ever anything but very civil to me when he saw me; but he had a singular inability sometimes to see me even when brushing close past me, and this used to so fill me with perplexity as to whether I should say "Good-morning" or not, that before I could quite make up my mind he had usually gone.

As for Mr. Tovey and Mr. Charles, I don't think they ever did see me.

It was to my father that my visits were paid. I used to call on my way from school, and generally had to wait a few minutes before he was ready to walk home with me. He was one of their young men in the clerks' office. There were, if I remember rightly, about ten of them, all of whom had been young men a very considerable time, and many of whom had younger men and women at home, their children.

In the eyes of the house, however, any one was a young man under sixty.

I remember that office as a model of staid decorum and gravity. Everything went on as if by machinery. There was a time for everything, and everything done in its time. A place for everything, and everything in its place. I could have found it easy to believe that the very height of each clerk's collar was regulated by office by-law, and the style of each chain and seal by fixed specification.

No starch has ever yet been made, however, so stiff that a man cannot laugh in it; and a good deal of quiet fun went on amidst the monotony of business. Many a joke was passed round from stool to stool, and I think I never called there once without hearing some new witticism or some latest joke of Mr. Rasper's.

Boy as I was, I dare say most of these had to be diluted to suit my comprehension before they were told to me, and suffered in the dilution; but even yet, as then, I think of Mr. Rasper as a fellow of infinite mirth.

I suppose his humor must have depended much on manner, tone, and little accidents of place which could not be rendered on paper; for it was generally understood that Mr. Rasper was an ill-used man in that he could never get any of his good things into print.

But not the less, whether his wit were up to or below the standard of the comic papers, he served that office with fun enough, and poor Mr. Bog with more than enough.

He did not often say ill-natured things; but every wit must have his butt, his anvil, on which to hammer and sharpen his darts, and Mr. Bog did duty in that capacity.

Jester and jestee were as unlike in all respects as any two men well could be.

Mr. Rasper's work, and his way of doing it, were like his conversation, light and sprightly. He moved about with an elastic quick step as if he had a difficulty in refraining from dancing. He adorned his writing with flourishes till it was hardly legible. And when Mr. Splutter tried to make him discontinue those embellishments, he gave such whimsical reasons for their continuance that he always laughed the manager out of his attempt to find fault.

Mr. Bog was heavy and solid. His handwriting was as regular as engraving. His ledger had not a blot in it from beginning to end. And when any figure in it had to be altered it was done so neatly as to be almost an improvement. He was a plodding, thoroughly reliable man; as punctual as the clock, and as grave in all his ways;—slow in all things, but happily above all things "slow to anger."

Mr. Bog had never been known by any one in the office to make a joke; and had not often, they said, been made to comprehend one. Mr. Rasper never made anything else, and saw them where others intended no such thing. Mr. Bog made up, however, for his dulness by the frankness with which he admitted it, and by his invariable good temper.

It was quite impossible to put him out, and when the suspicion came across him, as it did now and then, that Rasper had been hammering at him for an hour or more he bore no malice, which was, indeed, a feeling into which he could not enter.

There was, however, one matter in which all in the office concurred that they had a right to find fault with Bog. He was unmarried, and all the rest were married men.

And on this shortcoming of his one and all were determined that he should have no peace. Not a day passed but some new hypothesis was started as to the reason of his continuing a bachelor; not a day without some new name being suggested to him as that of a lady with whom he might yet have a chance. To all of which suggestions Mr. Bog persistently and good-naturedly turned his deaf ear.

A respite came to him twice a year (which must have been very welcome) from all this worrying.

Twice a year Mr. Bog went on his travels, for about a month at a time. For it was the custom of the house to let their travelling be done by the clerks, instead of keeping travellers to do nothing else. In this way one or two of them were always out, and all of them in turn had a pleasant relief from the monotony of office life.

"Now, Bog," Mr. Rasper would say, "you must really try and manage it this journey. Represent your case once more to that Leicester girl, and perhaps she'll change her mind." It was one of Mr. Rasper's friendly assumptions that Mr. Bog had been rejected in every town he went to, and Leicester being in his round it was usually the Leicester girl who was recommended for a second trial.

Mr. Bog would answer in his stolid way that if she really did relent he would let Rasper know; and so they would part, and though they all missed Bog when he was on his travels, no one missed him more than Rasper, or was so glad as he to see him back again.

And thus the joke was repeated year after year, until at last Mr. Bog's case came to be considered by all of them so thoroughly hopeless that if he had come down some morning in a pink vest and lemon-colored tights no one would have thought it half so surprising as that he should really take Mr. Rasper's advice. Mr. Bog, indeed, at forty-five, was held by one and all to be utterly impervious to female blandishments.

Let the reader judge, therefore, for himself, with what effect this bomb-shell fell in the office four days after Mr. Bog was supposed to have started on one of his journeys.

The missile came by post, in the shape of a newspaper addressed to Mr. Rasper.

It was a provincial paper, not from Leicester, but from a city in quite another quarter.

Mr. Rasper had unfolded it and looked it carelessly over,—had read several items of local news, town-council squabbles, workhouse board meetings, and other matters in which he took not the slightest interest, and was about to toss it into the waste basket, when his eye caught sight of a couple of crosses evidently made for the purpose of attracting attention.

But even then he did not at once hit the right column.

"Hunting fixtures for next week;" what on earth do I care about them? "Hops two pounds a cwt. higher;" well, if they don't raise beer it doesn't matter to me. What does the old goose mean by marking these?

At last, however, he did find it, and was struck for a moment speechless.

"Well, by Jove," he said at last, "this is something. But I don't believe it. Here's Bog gone and put a notice in the paper to make us believe he has got married. Listen, here it is:—

"Same day, at St. Ambrose in this city, by the Rev. Edward Wheeler, the rector, Mr. Thomas Frederick Bog, of Highbury, to Emily, only daughter of the late Theodore Phillips, Esq., of Kingston, Jamaica.'" And then, as if that were not enough, here's a note appended, editorial apparently.

"['Unusual interest attached to this wedding from the fact of the bride being married—as we are permitted to state—on her tenth birthday.'"]

"Very fair, indeed, Mr. Bog," said Rasper, as he finished; "very creditable for a first joke,—only it's a little overdone. You'll do better next time. Now my merry men, what do you think of it?"

Not one in the office believed a word of it of course.

"Neither do I," said Rasper; "but it really is very fair for Bog. I must go and show it to Splutter."

But at that moment Mr. Splutter came in, and on being tendered the newspaper waived the offer, and said,

"Ah, ah, I know all about it. Bog's wedding,—that's what you want me to look at, isn't it? Bless you, I've known of it for more than a week. Bog told me and Mr. Charles—but made us promise to keep the secret till it was all over. He goes mooning with his bride for two or three weeks, and then he takes her with him on his round. You won't see him here again this six weeks. He was married the very morning after he left here. He asked me to be present, but I could not go. Now, Mr. Rasper, how do you feel now? Your occupation's gone. You will have nothing to chaff him about." And Mr. Splutter, chuckling very loudly, and rubbing his hands with glee, was retreating to his own apartment.

"Oh, but stop a minute," cried Rasper. "Do you know all about this, too?" And he read him the editorial note about the "tenth birth-day."

It was Mr. Splutter's turn now to be surprised.

"Nonsense!" he said; "let me see." And, taking the paper, he read it for himself. "It must be a mistake. It can't be true."

"'Late of Kingston, Jamaica.' Who is she?" asked Rasper.

"Some family connection, I understood him," said Mr. Splutter. "They do marry very young, I have been told, in those hot climates. But in England—it is impossible; it would not have been allowed. And Bog would not have done such a thing. It is all nonsense—nonsense!" And he shut himself into his own room.

And, in short, that was the conclusion to which all in the office came, namely, that this editorial note was a piece of very ridiculous fooling, which Bog had purposely had inserted for their mystification. Considering which Mr. Rasper, who, so long as he had disbelieved the marriage itself, had pronounced the whole to be "pretty fair for Bog," said—now that the marriage was an established fact—that the joke about the bride's age was not only in bad taste, but as a joke was also quite inexcusable, though Bog's first.

During the six following weeks of Mr. Bog's absence he furnished more conversation to the office, and was the subject of more jokes on the part of Mr. Rasper, even than if he had been present.

Speculation exhausted itself as to the reality of this extraordinary editorial note. But I am sorry to say that at last the conviction gradually established itself that the fact was literally true; that Bog, having married some mere child from a boarding-school—having, in fact, probably run off with her for the sake of her money, and knowing that he could not possibly conceal the fact of her being a child, had impudently determined to brazen his misdeed out in this way before them and the world.

And poor Mr. Bog accordingly fell not a little in the opinion of his fellow-clerks. They were agreed, one and all, that he had done a thing which, in a man at his time of life, was unpardonable—positively immoral—and surely must also be illegal; a thing, in short, for which it would behoove them all on Mr. Bog's return to give him the cold shoulder and the cut.

"I'll be bound he'll bring her down to the office in a short frock," said Mr. Rasper, "and carry her in on his arm."

In anticipation of which very remarkable advent I will, for a little while, leave Mr. Rasper and the office.

II.

While his own character was thus suffering, and while his fellow-clerks were thus discussing the chances of their finding in him on his return any small remains of honor and morality, Mr. Bog's travels with his bride were drawing near to an end.

The reader would, indeed, have been able to infer this much had we, without explanation or comment, merely commenced this closing chapter with the following letter which Mr. Bog wrote from one of his resting-places:—

"My dear Mr. Splutter,—I purpose being in town again on Tuesday evening next, but shall not come back to business until the beginning of the following week. Will you oblige me and my wife by giving us your company on the Friday evening, and by inviting for me all my *confreres* of the office for the same evening. I hate the ceremony of carding, and calling, and sitting in state to receive visits from old friends, and so does my wife. If they will all take it, therefore, in this informal way that we shall be glad to see them,—well, glad we shall be; and if they won't, we shall be sorry.

"Friday evening at seven; for what we will call our 'small and early;' being, in fact, for office people only.

"Yours ever, T. F. B."

This letter, which came on Monday morning, was dealt with by Mr. Splutter in his usual prompt and business-like way.

He simply turned up one corner of it, wrote on the back of that corner in red ink, "I shall go, and hope you all will," and sent it out to Mr. Rasper to be handed round."

The decision come to unanimously, in spite of the sentence of condemnation passed on poor Bog, was that they would go, all who could, if it were only for the sake of having an early sight of the bride, and giving the bridegroom one chance of reinstating himself in their good graces.

When the evening came, therefore, they took a couple of cabs, and all went down together,—Mr. Splutter, my father, Rasper, Gibbs, and all the rest of them,—they having agreed on a convenient point of meeting before they left the office.

It was Mr. Bog himself who received his company in his cosey, well-furnished drawing-room up stairs, for he was a man of some little means, and had everything very comfortable about him.

"Well, Rasper," he said, after the first hand-shakings, "your constant dropping has worn away the stone at last. I could not stand it any longer, you see. Is it to be peace between us now, or war?"

"I don't quite know," said Rasper, laughing; "we shall see."

"You had better not make it war," said Mr. Splutter, "for Bog's holiday seems to have put him in rare fighting order; better say peace."

Whereupon Bog, in his clumsy way, sparred at Rasper on the hearth-rug, as if to demonstrate with what ease he could double him up.

"I shall think about it," said Rasper; "and before deciding, should like to see the 'teterrima causa belli,' if that is what my old Latin grammar used to call another fair one."

"Here," said Mr. Bog, "in good time she comes. Friends, allow me. My wife, Mrs. Bog, and her cousin, Miss Wheeler." And in came the two ladies as he spoke.

One was of middle age, or apparently somewhat over the middle age, wearing spectacles, with a matronly look and a good-tempered face that was very pleasant to look upon. "The cousin," said Mr. Rasper, "who comes to keep house till the child-wife is of age. Just as I thought."

The other was a merry, laughing young girl, seemingly of sixteen or seventeen, though possibly she might be younger.

Rasper shook his head and looked grave at sight of her.

"Exactly as we predicted," he said to his neighbor; "she's quite a child. Really this is a bad business; but it's always so when men put off too long. Ah, Bog, Bog, she'll be a handsome young widow, my old friend, when you and I are gone."

He went over, nevertheless, and made small talk to the young girl by the piano.

"Been long in England?" he asked her, among other things.

"No," she said; "only about a month before the wedding."

"Known Mr. Bog before?" Mr. Rasper supposed.

"No; she had only seen him for the first time when she was up in London with her cousin about a fortnight before the wedding. Her cousin had known him many years."

"You will find England very different, I suppose," went on Mr. Rasper, "from Jamaica?"

"Jamaica?" she said, laughing; "I dare say I should if I had ever been there. I'm only from Edinbro'."

"O, indeed," he replied; "I beg your pardon. Then I suppose the late Mr. ——"

"I say, Rasper," called out Mr. Bog from the other side of the room, "I want you to come and say something clever to my wife."

"Your wife?" exclaimed the startled Rasper, "I thought I was—"

"Not talking to her?" said Mr. Bog. "Don't say, now, that you thought I had married little Rosy," and he went off into a fit of laughter of long duration. "Rasper," he said, on getting his breath again, "you really did not think that—O, O, O," and then went off into a longer laugh than ever, in which we all joined him.

"Then what on earth," said Rasper, brought to bay, "what on earth was the meaning of that newspaper note?"

"Eh, what? No? Now you really don't mean to say you've never guessed what that meant? You don't mean to say that when you read 'same day at' so and so, you never carried your eye up to look what day that was?"

"No," said Mr. Rasper; "but what matter could that make?"

"All the matter," said Mr. Bog. "We were married on the twenty-ninth of February; that is my wife's birthday, and you know it only comes once in four years."

"Well, Bog, upon my word I never thought of that; and I have been nursing all manner of wrath against you."

"Splendid!" said Bog, "splendid! I did not think it possible to swindle the swindler so completely. The longest life I hoped for my joke was a life of about five minutes; and in the hope of that I got my friend the editor to print me that one copy of the paper with a note specially intended for you."

"O! then Mrs. Bog's age is not proclaimed to all the world," said Rasper.

"Not exactly," said Bog; "though for that matter she would not in the least have cared if it had been."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Bog; "I'm long past caring who knows how old I am."

That is the story of how Mr. Bog married his wife on her tenth birthday.

"Really, Rasper," said Mr. Splutter, as they walked home together, "that was very good indeed for Bog."

And Rasper admitted unreservedly that it really was very clever indeed, considered as Bog's first.

How Sound Travels.—Sound travels through the air at the rate of about 1,100 feet a second; but this speed depends upon the elasticity and density of the air; and as the elasticity depends upon temperature, it follows that sound travels differently, according as the weather is warm or cold. At freezing temperature its rate is 1,090 feet a second; at 80 degrees Fahrenheit, it is 1,140 feet. So that sound travels slower in winter than in summer. Its velocity through other substances than air is also very different. Through hydrogen gas it is 4,100 feet a second, and through water a little greater than this. Iron conveys it at nearly four times this speed.

☞ Of a happy old couple, Daniel and Susan Lake, of Bridgewater, Vermont, who are said never to have quarrelled during their half century of wedded life, it is now told that he was originally engaged to another girl and she to another man, and they exchanged lovers by mutual consent, Daniel and Susan coming together.

☞ The word "flirt" is said to be a corruption of "[illegible]leurette" (my little flower,) a term applied to their young lady friends by the gallants of Louis XIV.'s court.

A SPANISH SONG.

My love slept there,
In the shadow of my hair,
As my glossy raven tresses downward flow;
And, dark as midnight's cloud
They fell on him, like a shroud—
Ah! does he now remember it, or no?

With a comb of gold each night,
I combed my tresses bright,
But the sportive zephyr tossed them to and fro;
So I pressed them in a heap,
For my love whereon to sleep—
Ah! does he now remember it, or no?

He said he loved to gaze
On my tresses' flowing maze,
And the midnight of my dark Moorish eyes;
And he vowed he'd die with pain,
Should his love be all in vain;
So he won me, with his praises and his sighs.

Then I flung my raven hair
As a mantle on him there,
Encircling him within its waxy flow;
And, pillowed on my breast,
He lay in sweet unrest—
Ah! does he now remember it, or no?

Thomas Jefferson

As Described by Daniel Webster in 1824.

Mr. Jefferson is now between eighty-one and eighty-two, above six feet high, of an ample, long frame, rather thin and spare. His head, which is not peculiar in its shape, is set rather forward on his shoulders, and his neck being long, there is, when he is walking or conversing, an habitual protrusion of it. It is still well covered with hair, which, having been once red, and now turning gray, is of an indistinct sandy color. His eyes are small, very light, and now neither brilliant nor striking. His chin is rather long, but not pointed. His nose small, regular in its outline, and the nostrils a little elevated. His mouth is well formed, and still filled with teeth; it is strongly compressed, bearing an expression of contentment and benevolence. His complexion, formerly light and freckled, now bears the marks of age and cutaneous affection. His limbs are uncommonly long; his hands and feet very large, and his wrists of an extraordinary size. His walk is not precise and military, but easy and swinging. He stoops a little, not so much from age as from natural formation. When sitting, he appears short, partly from a rather lounging habit of sitting, and partly from the disproportioned length of his limbs.

His dress, when in the house, is a gray surtout coat, kerseymere stuff waistcoat, with an under one faced with some material of a dingy red. His pantaloons are very long and loose, and of the same color as his coat. His stockings are woollen, either white or gray; and his shoes of the kind that bear his name. His whole dress is very much neglected, but not slovenly. He wears a common round hat. His dress, when on horseback, is a gray, straight-bodied coat, and a spencer of the same material as his coat, both fastened with large pearl buttons. When we first saw him he was riding; and in addition to the above articles of apparel, wore round his throat a knit white woollen tippet, in the place of a cravat, and black velvet gaiters under his pantaloons. His general appearance indicates an extraordinary degree of health, vivacity and spirit. His sight is still good, for he needs glasses only in the evening. His hearing is generally good, but a number of voices in animated conversation confuse it.

Mr. Jefferson rises in the morning as soon as he can see the hands of his clock, which is directly opposite his bed, and examines his thermometer, immediately, as he keeps a regular meteorological diary. He employs himself chiefly in writing till breakfast, which is at nine. From that time till dinner he is in his library, excepting that in fair weather he rides on horseback from seven to fourteen miles. Dines at four, returns to drawing-room at six, when coffee is brought in, and passes the evening till nine in conversation. His habit of retiring at that hour is so strong that it has become essential to his health and comfort. His diet is simple, but he seems restrained only by his taste. His breakfast is tea and coffee, bread always fresh from the oven, of which he does not seem afraid, with sometimes a slight accompaniment of cold meat. He enjoys his dinner well, taking with his meat a large proportion of the vegetables. He has a strong preference for the wines of the continent, of which he has many sorts of excellent quality, having been more than commonly successful in his mode of importing and preserving them. Among others we found the following, which are very rare in this country, and apparently not at all injured by transportation: L'Ednau, Muscat, Samian, and Blanchettee de Limous. Dinner is served in half Virginian, half French style, in good taste, and abundance. No wine is put on the table till the cloth is removed.

In conversation, Mr. Jefferson is easy and natural, and apparently not ambitious; it is not loud, as challenging general attention, but usually addressed to the person next to him. The topics, when not selected to suit the character and feelings of his auditor, are those subjects with which his mind seems particularly occupied; and these, at present, may be said to be science and letters, and especially the University of Virginia, which is coming into existence almost entirely from his exertions, and will rise, it is to be hoped, to usefulness and credit under his continued care. When we were with him his favorite subjects were Greek and Anglo-Saxon, historical recollections of the times and events of the revolution, and of his residence in France from 1783-4 to 1789.

☞ "Practical Science.—"Well, Charlie, and what have you been learning to-day?" Charley—"Pneumatics, grandma; I can tell you such a dodge! If I was to put you under a glass receiver, and exhaust the air, all your wrinkles would come out as smooth as grandpapa's head!"

☞ Mrs. Betsey Shepley, of Bangor, though less than 70 years of age, was lately blest with the privilege of saying, "Arise daughter, go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter hath a daughter."

Fixed Incomes.

From the London Saturday Review.

That these are bad times for the holders of fixed incomes is a truth which those who have their incomes fixed know by sad experience, and which is obvious after a moment's reflection to those who are fortunate enough to be able to get more when they have to spend more. A few years ago a clergyman who got a living of a thousand pounds a year was considered a made man. He could marry, and bring up a family in a handsome manner, on so comfortable an income. He was free from pecuniary care for the rest of his life. Now a clergyman with a living of a thousand a year is a lucky man in one sense, because so few clergymen are so well off as he is, but he is a struggling man. He has always to think how he can make both ends meet. Among gentlemen a thousand a year is now poverty instead of a competence. It is not worth more than six hundred a year was thirty years ago. And this is taking the most favorable instance of a fixed income, where the pressure of the change that has taken place is felt at all seriously. Of course a man whose fixed income is five thousand pounds a year has even now such an uncommonly good lot on earth that he need not complain; or, if he chooses to complain, no one will pity him. But people with small fixed incomes now lead quite a different life from that which with the same income they would have led a few years ago. Everything is against them. The discovery of gold in so many parts of the world inevitably tends to make the worth of each sovereign less. But this is by no means the sole, or even the principal, cause of their misery. They are not only poor because they have a fixed sum of money the purchasing power of which becomes daily less, but they are poor in the midst of a society that is getting rich. Their poverty increases while their neighbors are getting more wealthy. The consequence is that everything they want is dearer. House rent has risen all over the kingdom, because there are more persons than formerly who can afford to take decent houses. The wages of servants have increased very largely, because there are more persons to hire them, and because persons who formerly did things for themselves now require servants to do them. The result is that servants, having the command of the market, do less than before, do what they do worse, are continually changing their places, and are entirely indifferent to the interests of their masters. This is a source of the most continual annoyance and expense to most families, and it is an evil which cannot fail to grow greater so long as the prosperity of the country continues. Then, again, education is now a matter of imperative necessity. Everything is to be got by examinations and competition, and although there are many facilities for cheap education which did not exist formerly, yet the mere fact that whatever else can be given up, education must be had, imposes a new burden on the shoulders of poor people. The habits, too, of society are changed, and it is hard for people who used to do as their neighbors did to seem behind in the race. Somehow or other, modern children all require change of air, and have no sound teeth, and need a varied apparatus of drilling and dancing and calisthenics to make their backs straight. These requirements of the little darlings are very expensive, and yet it is only with a great pang that a mother can bring herself to deny them. And, lastly, the demands on people who try to keep up a decent appearance are incessant. They are asked to subscribe to everything; and after they have given in church as much as they can afford, there is sure to be some one down on them. No grievance is greater to persons of moderate incomes than the demands made by benevolent busybodies who, well off themselves, unfitted for practical life, and longing for employment, invent schemes for extracting subscriptions. There is always an excuse. Some bishop is dead, and his bust is to be given to his widow; or it is exactly two or three hundred years since something happened, and we must subscribe to commemorate it; or some one ought to have a silver inkstand given him, or a parsonage built for him, or a statue, or a monolith, or at least a cairn stuck up somewhere in his honor. In fact, there is a continual dripping of water of this kind going on, and it is no wonder if the stone of a poor man's income is worn out under it.

Nor is there any hope that better times will come to the holders of fixed incomes. They are exactly the people whom no one befriends. The revenues of the church will certainly not increase; or if the revenues of the church as a whole increase, the available income of each clergyman will most probably diminish, for he is constantly called on to do more and more with the same amount of money. Half-pay officers are not at all likely to get any increase of half-pay that will do them any good. Day laborers do get better wages in dear times, and especially the laborers in the employment of large companies. The net income of every railway in the kingdom has diminished this year, because the servants of the railway have had to be paid more. The servants of such companies get a rise of wages with comparative ease, because the money is there to pay them with. But still, in the long run, all day laborers get enough to live on if the trade of the country is in a sound state. People, however, with a fixed income of three or four hundred a year are not in a position to ask for an increase of pay. Perhaps in a generation or two the holders of these posts may get more than they do, but they are themselves powerless. They are not in actual want of necessaries, so no one pities them; and they cannot afford to resign, because they would be wholly destitute if they did. All they can do is to grumble, and hold on. Nothing will get much cheaper—neither house rent, nor food, nor service. And they will be very lucky if they do not find that the things they get for their money are continually growing worse; that the houses they live in, which used to be only lath and plaster, are now only lath; that the bread they buy is more and more made up in a cottage form, and sold one-fourth short weight because it is "fancy bread;" that their servants are every day more impertinent, dirty, and extravagant. We do not see that there is any hope of public subscriptions stopping, because there will always be persons to whom it gives a greater pleasure to start and manage the scheme than it gives pain to any one subscriber to subscribe. In no direction do we see any bright ray for poor people whose incomes cannot expand. There is no panacea to be proposed, nothing even to be suggested as to which much confidence can be expressed. Still it is not rash to say that there is one direction in which some kind of faint comfort for the possessors of such incomes may be found. There is one power they have in a degree far beyond that which they possessed formerly, and this is the power of association. They have two points in their favor; there are a great many of them, and what money they have is ready money. They are certain of getting it on a particular day, and this is a very considerable advantage. It is possible that, what with their numbers and what with their ready money, they might do better—only a little better, but still better in the world than they do, if they were only to put more in the way of using their power of association.

But how are they to associate? As to companies, they are pure delusions for the kind of persons of whom we are speaking. In the first place, these persons have no capital to start companies; in the next place the expenses of the companies would kill them; and lastly, as they would be the sort of companies that must fail anyhow, they would be certain to be under the guidance of cheap peers, retired admirals, philanthropists, parsons, and all the very most unpractical people that civilized society produces. Companies specially intended to benefit them will never help poor people; but they may observe how it is that they associate already with advantage. If their income is on the whole worth less than it used to be, it is also worth more in some ways. They can get things that used to be beyond their reach. They can insure their lives, and make a tiny provision for their families, out of a small yearly income; they can go to Mr. Mudie's and get a constant supply of the best literature in the world for a guinea a year; they can sleep every night in pure air, if they live near a railway and buy a season ticket. How are all these institutions kept up? How does an insurance office get on? How does it answer to lend new books at so low a rate? How do season tickets pay a railway? The reply in each case is the same. There are many persons joining together; they all pay ready money, and they get what they want for a certain length of time from the same place. The insurers go all their lives to the same office to keep up the policy; the subscribers to the library, or the holders of the season tickets, pay for a whole year if they want to get the full benefit of their payment. The principle is one which probably might be carried much further than it is. It might be extended to the purchase of all that a family buys from day to day. As a matter of fact, the experiment has already been tried in London on a large scale, and with the greatest success. A few enterprising gentlemen proposed to some of the best tradesmen in London that they should sell goods about twenty per cent. under the ordinary selling price to any one presenting a ticket from the association they intended to start. The tradesmen agreed, because every article was to be paid for on the spot; and if the plan answered, they were sure of a very large number of customers. The plan did answer. To have all the benefits of the association, it was only necessary to buy a ticket which cost a few shillings, and to be able to get most articles of domestic consumption twenty per cent. cheaper was thus a gain very cheaply got for the consumer. But it equally suited the tradesmen, for they made on all they sold a quick and certain profit. There was no capital to find, no officials to pay, except that the few shillings paid for the tickets sufficed to pay for the services of a practical man, who attended to any reasonable complaint of the subscribers. Of all the inventions to help the holders of small fixed incomes, this seems to us among the cleverest and the most fruitful. Experience may perhaps show difficulties, if the scheme is very much extended, which do not present themselves now that it is tried on a small scale. But we do not see why the holders of fixed incomes should not get everything they buy for something like twenty per cent. less than they now give. The machinery is so simple. Each purchaser of mutton is powerless against each butcher, who sells for tenpence a pound what he has bought for sixpence or sevenpence. But if some hundreds of persons will go to the same butcher, and if he knows that they will come every day and will bring the money in their hands, he will let them have his mutton at a very reduced rate. He would not like to allow so good a contract to go elsewhere. The tradesmen would not of course listen to persons in the first instance who, as he thought, were not able to get subscribers, for he would be only losing his time. But this is no difficulty at all. The holders of fixed incomes are generally respectable, and are much patronised by wealthier persons who see their way to help them without giving them any money. They can, therefore, easily make a start; for to start requires no capital, and not much trouble. Persons of some respectability have got to have a chat with a tradesman, and the thing is done. They let all their friends know that tea is to be had sixpence a pound cheaper, and a number of other things in proportion, by any one who belongs to their association, and pays ready money at a particular shop. If the thing fails, no one loses anything; and if it succeeds, it adds more to the income of a poor man than any amount of personal economy could achieve.

☞ Jerrold says that young boys who marry old maids "gather in the spring of life the golden fruits of autumn."

☞ "Adulterated tea," said Mrs. Partington, as she read an account of the adulteration of teas in England, at which she was much shocked. "I know that my tea is not adulterated, for it smells virtuous," continued she, smiling with satisfaction, "and I know this Shoo-shon tea must be good, because I bought it of Mr. Shoo-shon himself. I saw him weigh it out and saw him tie it up with his own hands, and I noticed his name over the door; I tell you there is no mistake about my tea, for Mr. Shoo-shon told me he raised it in his own garden and kept his eye upon it the whole time, so that there was no possible chance of its having been adulterated."

Physiological Gastronomy.

A writer in a recent number of a popular magazine remarks, that "to get a good dinner has been the great study of ages." Now a good dinner is not of so much importance in a gustatory point of view, as when considered with reference to its healthfulness; but it is a fact which admits of satisfactory explanation, that the most skillfully prepared dishes are the most nutritious, and most easily digested—which should be an additional inducement to housekeepers to acquaint themselves with the scientific principles of cooking.

In the more mature nations of the old world the wants of the system are more carefully considered than here. The material, which exists in such abundance in this country, is there more nearly approximated to the actual wants of the people. In many parts of Europe it is necessary to make use of every particle of food; and we always find the science of cookery carried to the highest point where this necessity is most keenly felt. If the high price of food in this country should remain long at the present rates, there must be a great improvement in the art of cookery. It is estimated that one-half of the nutritious matter cooked in hotels is absolutely wasted; and the loss is nearly as great in many private families. As a rule to which there are few exceptions, wasteful cookery is bad cookery.

What is called *plain cooking* is in reality one of the most difficult, if not the most difficult branch of the art. When we consider from a chemical point of view the changes which can be effected in meats simply by the proper application of heat, we can appreciate the delicate operations necessary in plain roasting or broiling. For example, in roasting beef, supposing that the material be good, the exquisite and delicate flavors which characterize the skillfully cooked piece are developed in the meat itself. The musculine, or substance which forms the greatest part of the muscular tissues, becomes changed in its consistence, and develops certain peculiar and characteristic aromatic principles. These principles are lost if the heat be too great or too long continued, and are not formed if the cooking be insufficient. The odorous exhalations from badly cooked meat are simply so much taken from the flavor which it should have when served. To those fond of coffee, the odors given off when the berry is roasted are very agreeable, but it would be better if they could be retained and the volatile principles extracted by the boiling water when the coffee is made. It is the same with roasted or broiled meats. One of the most certain evidences of bad housekeeping is the penetration of the odors from the kitchen to every part of the house; and when the bill of fare is thus announced, a bad dinner is almost sure to follow. Another item in plain cookery is the making of soups—and here, as in roasting, the best flavors are developed in the cooking, and are not added ready-made. In spite of these facts, which are demonstrable scientifically, most lady housekeepers would probably be very much astonished if told that their cooks who profess only plain dishes, are ignorant of the first principles of the culinary art. Nevertheless this is the melancholy fact, and when most of the cooks in private families do anything well, it is an accident, which we may hope to meet with frequently, but which can never be depended upon. The ordinary definition of a good, plain cook, is one that can make soup, roast, broil and boil.

The soup is generally made by extracting the albuminoids from the meat and so effectually congulating them that it can never be clarified; and both the extract and the *bouilli* are unmitigatedly bad. In the roast, the whole texture of the meat is tasteless and of a uniform drab color, or if you like it rare, it is burned on the exterior and the rest is raw. Broiling is done on the same principle; and boiled meats have the nutriment matter thoroughly removed. This picture is not very flattering to American housekeepers, but all who have given any reflection to this subject know that it applies to more than half the professed cooks in this country; and this state of things will continue so long as housekeepers refuse to educate themselves so as to know when things are well cooked.

The Case of Mr. Speke.

On the 8th of January, the Rev. B. Speke, clergyman of a parish in Somersetshire, England, and brother of the celebrated African explorer, went to London to be present at the wedding of a friend, saying that he should return the next evening. On reaching London, he drove to the residence of his brother-in-law in Eccleston-square, remained there about ten minutes talking to the footman, and then went out to buy a hat, remarking that he was afterwards going on business to Westminster. He made his purchase at a shop in Warwick street, ordered the hat sent to his brother-in-law's not later than 6½ P. M., as he had an engagement to dine at 7, and from that time (which was about 5½ in the afternoon) all trace of him was lost. He did not return to Eccleston-square, and a little after 7 the same evening the hat he had been wearing with his name written in it, was picked up in a distant part of London. The police were put on the alert. Every quarter of the metropolis was searched in vain. Ingenuity was exhausted in trying to account for his disappearance. He was a gentleman of amiable temper, of well balanced mind, of a highly religious character, and a cheerful disposition. He was in perfect health, and had no irregular habits. Nobody knew of any reason why he should voluntarily take himself off by flight, or put an end to his life by suicide. There seemed no way of accounting for his presence in the part of London where his hat was found, unless on the supposition that he had been decoyed into some low haunt for the purpose of robbery. Foul play was generally suspected. For weeks the newspapers teemed with letters and editorials on the great mystery of the year. One correspondent even reminded the public that Mr. Speke bore an extraordinary resemblance to the Home Secretary, Mr. Gathorne Hardy; and was it not quite possible that the Fenians had carried him off by mistake, in retaliation for the executions at Manchester?

At last, after nearly seven weeks of excitement, Mr. Speke is reported to be found, alive and well. Why he disappeared we are not yet informed, and, so far, the discovery only makes the case more mysterious than ever. On the 25th of February a man dressed as a bullock-drover was arrested at the little seaport town of Padstone, in Cornwall, on suspicion of being an absconder from Hull. He proved not to be the person supposed, but after a great deal of questioning reluctantly admitted that he was Mr. Speke. He had a large sum of money in his possession, and several disguises were found among his effects. His conversation is said to have been perfectly rational. This is all we know about the matter so far. The English papers take it for granted that the suspicious drover really is Mr. Speke, though at the latest dates no proof of his identity had been made public. Assuming that the missing man has been found, we shall await with considerable curiosity an explanation of his strange journey of several hundred miles to a remote corner of the kingdom, his silence under the anxiety of the public and the distress of his friends, and the circumstance of his being in disguise. The solution which will most readily occur to people's minds is that he has been the victim of sudden derangement; but such violent freaks of insanity do not usually manifest themselves without premonitory symptoms; and there is another circumstance which appears to us very significant. For some time before the discovery, it was noticed that the anxiety of the gentleman's family seemed a good deal relieved; and it was even announced that they had assurance of his being alive and well. Had they discovered any reason why he should abscond? Speculation, however, is idle. The excitement in England has been so intense that a full explanation will have to be made, and by the next steamer we shall probably receive a solution of the curious problem.

Since the above was in print, we have the news that Mr. Speke ran off to escape a distasteful marriage, and was found after he had wandered over a great part of the Southern English counties. He constantly read the newspapers, and the knowledge of the hubbub raised by his disappearance only made him the more anxious to avoid his friends.

☞ A young lady near Columbus, Mississippi, met her death very suddenly a few nights since, from eating snow. She complained of a headache when she retired, and was found cold and stiff in her bed about midnight.

☞ A KNIFE SHARPENER.—It is a difficult matter to obtain a "steel" which retains its sharpening qualities for any length of time. A common round file answers the purpose admirably. Fasten it in an old knife handle and it is ready for use.

☞ No less than seven women are now playing leading male characters at the Paris theatres.

☞ A member of the New Jersey legislature attempted to commit suicide the other evening by blowing out his gas, instead of turning it off, when he went to bed. He was rescued from his perilous situation by a room-mate, who arrived about half-an-hour afterward. He gave as an excuse for his conduct that he "thought the durn'd thing was a patent taller candle!"

☞ An English paper says that Gen. McClellan has a claim to a share in the Banda and Kirwee prize money. He has proved himself to be the nearest of kin and, consequently, heir to Miss Alicia Campbell, who inherited from her brother, the late Lord Clyde, to whom Gen. McClellan's father was cousin-germin.

☞ Hungary has a new sect calling itself the Nazarenes. It seems to be very similar to the religion of the Shakers, without the shaking.

☞ Prof. Loomis, of Yale College, states that this winter has been the coldest, in New Haven, of any in ninety years, excepting the winter of 1835-6, which was one degree colder.

☞ Mrs. Elizabeth Darragh has been appointed Tobacco Inspector for the Fourth Indiana District, to succeed her husband. She is the first woman so appointed. It is to be supposed that she is a good judge of tobacco.

☞ The poplar tree derives its name from the Latin *populus* (people), which name was given it by the Romans because, like the mob, it is in a state of perpetual agitation.

☞ The Ohio river bridge, at Louisville, will be finished in 1869; it will cost $1,600,000, be ninety-five feet above high water, and be one mile long.

☞ Of fourteen faro-boxes captured by the St. Louis police the other day, eleven were found to be more swindling machines, containing more than the proper number of cards, with curiously contrived springs controlled by the dealer.

☞ A little boy was once in a complaining mood. His dinner did not suit him, so his mother made that all right; then his cup did not satisfy him, so one was brought that did; then his chair was not right, and his father took him on his lap, saying, "Are you all right now?" He looked around the room, and seeing the cat crossing the floor with tail erect, he said aloud, in a vexed voice, "There! the old cat's tail sticks up!" The cat's tail was, in his case, the straw that broke the camel's back; but many of the complaints of older persons are just about as reasonable.

☞ A shrewd man in West Penn township, Penna., recently purchased several pounds of blasting powder at one of the mills in his neighborhood. Upon taking it home, he found it too coarse for the purpose for which he intended it. What was to be done? Why, it must be made finer, of course; so he procured a coffee mill, and emptying in the powder, proceeded to grind it! He had not made many revolutions of the crank before there was a noise heard, and the room was filled with flying fragments of coffee mill, window glass, furniture and crockery ware. The experimenter escaped with very severe burns.

☞ Eclipse, that paragon of race-horses, (born during an eclipse) died at Cannons on February 25th, 1780, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, of colic and inflammation. The stomach and liver were found much diseased. The heart of the indomitable creature weighed fourteen pounds, and Vial de St. Bel, who opened him, attributed his extraordinary and unflinching courage to the size and vigor of this huge blood-pump. It is a singular fact, that a small, dark spot on the quarter of "Eclipse" has been found in his descendants in the fifth and sixth generations.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

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☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts.

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A Snake Story.

A lad near Bucyrus, Ohio, recently went out to a potato mound to get potatoes; after clearing away the snow, and breaking into the mound, he found a kind of nest in the straw, in which was a compact ball, which he took to be a large mass of string such as our wool men use. He brought this in with the potatoes, and laid it on the baby's cradle near the stove. His mother just then sent him off to a neighbor and continued about her work. He was gone an hour, and when he returned, upon looking for his ball, he found it had resolved itself into a pile of squirming snakes, many of which were seeking the warmth of the infant's body, and one had actually entered the infant's mouth. A cry of alarm from the boy attracted the attention of the mother towards the cradle, and seizing the child, she sought to extricate the reptile, but was too late, and it actually drew itself within the baby's mouth and down its throat. A physician was sent for, but he recognized the snake as being perfectly harmless. He declined worrying the baby with medicine, and the child seemed unhurt by its singular accident. The mother declares, however, that its appetite is much increased, and that in its sleep it frequently hisses loudly.

Obeying Orders.

The Winchester (Va.) Times is responsible for the following: "During the year 1864, when the hostile forces were struggling for the supremacy in and around Winchester, Mr. ——— went to Major Parsons, United States Provost Marshal, and applied for a safeguard. General Fessenden was called on to fill the demand, which he did by detailing for this duty Mr. John ———, of the Second New York Cavalry, to whom he issued imperative orders to remain until he was relieved by proper authority. W——— stood manfully by his post. The tide of battle surged about him, but his was a charmed life, for he had that authority which saved him from molestation by the "rebs." The war closed, but with it came no order to the sentinel, and faithful to the trust confided to him, he is still at his post of duty! The case has been reported to the proper authorities, and Mr. W——— will doubtless soon be excused from further safeguard duty. That he will be able to draw full pay up to the present time, has, we learn, been conceded by competent military authority."

AMUSING.—A correspondent of the London Pall Mall Gazette, argues that the Cockney peculiarity which turns "Emma" into "Emmar," and "America" into "Americar," is a proof of refinement—"results from a finer organization than that which is satisfied with the more correct pronunciation." He says he has "heard it on the stage, at the bar, and in the pulpit," and he is quite proud of it. The Star remarks: "He does not say what he thinks of the Cockney mode of aspirating, but this we should think would be an additional proof of refinement. How sweetly would read those lines of Byron's in which the apostrophe Ave Maria—we beg pardon, 'Have Mariar,'—is repeated so often."

A NEW JUSTICE.—A Justice of the Peace who has but recently assumed the dignity of that important office in one of the mushroom towns on the Union Pacific Railroad, was called on among his first duties to pass upon the guilt or innocence of a man arrested for murder. The following colloquy constituted the examination:—

Justice—Confound you, sir, did you kill that man?

Prisoner—Yes, sir.

Justice—Was any one present at the time?

Prisoner—No, sir.

Justice—Then, as it will be impossible for the court to prove your guilt, you are discharged.

The Royal Clan of Europe.

A London journal, in the course of some remarks relative to the liberal religious opinions of Queen Victoria, says:—

"The Queen's position is a curious one. She is by descent and marriage a member of the Royal Caste of Europe, the mighty family, or rather clan, which for centuries has ruled this quarter of the world, and bids fair, unless America overshadows them all, ultimately to rule the remainder. The creed of that great clan, as a clan, would naturally be peculiar, and such we believe it to have become. There is scarcely a Prince left in Europe, indeed there is but one, who is tempted by the sort of electric pressure subjects exert on monarchs to be very bigoted. The Czar is supported mainly by Greek Christians, he is himself Patriarch, his best allies are co-religionists in the South, and he does, therefore, often become exceedingly and genuinely bigoted to the National Church. But the King of Sweden is a Catholic ruling Protestants, the Protestant King of Prussia hopes half his subjects will be Catholics, the Catholic Emperor of the French is the heir of the 'infidel' Revolution, the Catholic Kaiser is dictated to by a Parliament of Darwinians, the Catholic King of Italy is at war with the Pope, the Catholic King of Belgium has to keep up an internecine strife with priests, the Protestant Queen of England reigns over 10,000,000 of Catholics, 15,000,000 of Mohammedans, and more than 150,000,000 of Hindoos. Every one of them is more or less bothered and worried by priestly pretensions. The women of the Caste are still more strongly influenced to Liberalism, for they have to stand prepared to embrace any faith their future husbands may choose, to be Protestant in England, Greek in Russia, Lutheran in Denmark, and it may well be Catholic in Bavaria. The Colleges in especial, whose business for years has been marriage, keep up two creeds, so to speak, officially, and a third privately, so that the family may be ready for any turn of fortune. At the same time the Caste is a great cousinhood, with many personal friendships, and still more personal acquaintanceships, is brought into habitual contact on business, and finds in the intercourse of life that one Prince, whatever his creed is, apart from personal character, very much like another Prince, that is, eager to win his game. It is impossible that, under such circumstances, attachment to any special forms, more especially ecclesiastical forms, should long continue to exist, and we suspect that it is very rare. The Queen of Spain seems to be a genuine Ritualist; but with that exception, we doubt if there is a Sovereign in Europe who would sacrifice his civil list to protect any ecclesiastical organization or outside religious form whatsoever. Certainly Francis Joseph would not, and he has done the very most he could to show that he was a genuine Ultramontane, and he was carefully and specially trained by Jesuits. If his Parliament do for him Protestant institutions it will, for Protestant institutions; while it will have the control of the Army, even if he wants it quite as much. The Kaiser will risk all for that, but not for Rome. It is wonderful that, with so many temptations to indifferentism, there should still be in Prussia so much piety as is occasionally found; not wonderful at all that it should take its usual form, that of a deep sentiment, unfettered by reverence for forms or ordinances. Hardly any other would, under the pressure of such influences, be possible, certainly no other would be consistent with the duties a monarch owes to a composite people. A Lutheran King of Holland who thought that in paying Lutherans and Catholics alike he was committing sin would be bound to abdicate, as George IV. would have been if he had really believed what he said he believed about Catholic Emancipation. It is well that the Queen should be, as we fully believe her to be, a personally pious woman, full of deep reverence like for God and Christ, impressed almost to excess with a sense of duty, but indifferent to forms. * * * A Queen whose theology, be it what it will—and it is clearly a Christian one—has produced a life which has done more to raise the English ideal than that of any Sovereign either of her own dynasty or that which it succeeded."

☞ A cattle raiser and feeder of Kentucky recently remarked that he considered a thousand dollars made with cattle nearly equal to two thousand made with mules, or grain grown and sold from the farm. The great beauty in handling cattle is the condition they leave the farm in; the pasture all clean, fence-corners all dressed out, and the land becoming more fertile year by year.

☞ The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Keep you in innocence.

☞ The London Lancet is of the opinion that if women would only let their own hair grow just bound down as a natural covering to their heads, would clothe their bodies sensibly without pinching themselves into unnatural shapes, would wear well-shaped boots in which they might walk comfortably and taste the pleasure of exercise, there would soon be an end to that representative class of the female sex about whom doctors know a great deal.

☞ "A distinguished party," says the Presse, "have just made an excursion through the sewers of Paris. Among them were the Princess de la Tremoille, the Countess de Coetlogon, the Prince of Solms, the Counts de Quincy, de Mercy-Argenteau, de Treves, de Coetlogon, and Duval de Beaulieu, and others. They descended at the entrance on the Place du Chatelet, and went in a vehicle all along the Rue de Rivoli. At the Place de la Concorde they entered a boat to proceed by the great collecting sewer as far as the Rue de la Pepiniere, where the excursionists emerged into the upper air, much surprised at all they had witnessed."

☞ Curiosity is excited to know if the noted cold winters have been preceded by earthquakes and eruptions as the present one. A scientific friend says: "As the earth increases in temperature as we descend, it must be warmed by the subterranean fire. If there is an escape of heat, may not this explain the cold winter?"

☞ Commodore Nutt has been skating in Leavenworth, and one of the papers of the town remarks that he "pedipulated his little drumsticks with astonishing celerity."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues quiet. 8000 bbls sold at $7.75@7.85 for superfine; $8.50@10 for extra; $10@11.50 for low grade and fancy North-West extra family; $10.50@12 for Pennsylvania extra family; $11@12.50 for Ohio extra family, and $12@15 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—Sales of 400 bbls, in lots, at $8.50@8.75, mostly at the latter rate.

GRAIN—The receipts and stock of Wheat continue light. About 25,000 bus sold at $2.65@2.65 for choice Pennsylvania and Southern red; $2.50@2.55 for fair to good do; and $2.25@2.45 ₱ bus for common, including 4000 bus white, at $2.80@2.25 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye—8000 bus prime Pennsylvania and Western sold at $1.75@1.80 ₱ bus. Corn—20,000 bus new Pennsylvania and Delaware yellow sold at $1.17@1.23, and 28,000 bus Western mixed at $1.18@1.21 ₱ bus. Oats—30,000 bus sold at 85@86c for Pennsylvania, including 3000 bus prime light Delaware at 86@87c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 400 bbls Mess Pork at $25@25.50, and prime at $23. City packed Mess Beef is held at $21@25; 250 bbls of Best Hams sold at $27@28 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 17@19½c; sides at 14@15c, and shoulders at 14½@12½c ₱ lb. Green Meats—1200 lbs of pickled hams sold at 15½@16½c, and 100,000 lbs of shoulders at 11c ₱ lb. Dressed Hogs are selling at 11½@12c ₱ lb. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 16@16½c ₱ lb, and kegs in small lots at 17c ₱ lb. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 14@25c, and roll at 25@40c ₱ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 15½@16c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 25@28c ₱ dozen, a decline.

COTTON—About 1000 bales of middlings sold, in lots, at 25@25½c for Uplands, and 26@26½c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—50 hhds 1st No. 1 Quercitron sold at $53 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 40@41 ₱ lb.

FEATHERS—Sales of 1200 lbs at 50@55c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales at 16,000 lbs at 6½@8½c ₱ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 8@9c, and 22,000 lbs of halves at 11½@12c ₱ lb. Pared Peaches range at from 16@22c ₱ lb. Green Apples sell at from $5@6.50 ₱ bbl.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 12@35c, and Western at 45@60c ₱ lb.

IRON—Pig Iron is in fair demand; sales of Anthracite at $38@39 for No 1; $36@37 for No 2, and $34@35 ₱ ton for hard.

TALLOW—Sales are making at 11½@11¾c for city rendered, and 10½@10¾c ₱ lb for country.

SEEDS—Clover-seed; about 3000 bus sold, in lots, at $7.75@8.25 ₱ bus for fair to prime Penna, and $8.50@8.75 for choice Western. Timothy; 500 bus sold at $2.75@3. Flaxseed; 800 bus sold in lots at $3 ₱ bus.

WOOL—There has been less doing; sales of 280,000 lbs, in lots, at 55@60c for double extra; 48@51c for fine; 45@48c for medium; 38@43c for coarse; 48@55c for tub, and 40@42c ₱ lb for pulled, according to quality.

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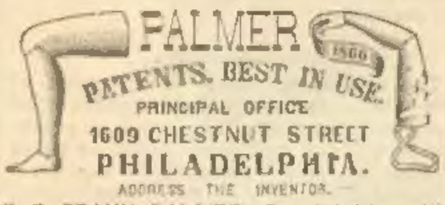

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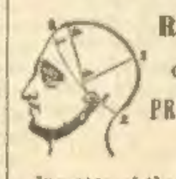

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Signs and Omens.

Trilles is not superstitious, but he heard a story lately which greatly shook his "skeptical itarianism." It was of an old gentleman in Berks county, whose style was as Germanized as Tom Carlyle's, and who had been asked what he thought of signs and omens.

"Vell, I don't tinks mooch of dem dings, and I don't pelieve everydings; but I dells you somedines dere is some dings in sooch ding ash dose dings. Now the oder night I sits and reads mine newspaper, und mine frau she shspeak and say—

"'Fritz, de dog ish howlin!'

"Vell, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, and I goes on und reads mine paper, and mine frau she say—

"'Fritz, dere is somding pad is happen—de dog ish howlin.'

"And den I gets oop mit mineself und looks out troo de vines on de porch, und de moon vas shinin, und mine leetle dog he shoomp right up and down like aferydings, und he park at the moon, dat vas shine so prite ash never vas. Und as I hauled mine het in de winder de old voman she says—

"'Mind, Fritz, I dells you dere ish some pad ish happen. *De dog is howlin.*'

"Vell, I goes to pet und I shleeps, und all night long ven I vakes un dere vas dat dog howl outside, und ven I dream, I hear dat vorner ash nefer. Und in de mornin I kits oop und kits mine *freestick* (breakfast), und mine frau she looks at me und say ferry solemn—

"'Fritz, dere ish somdings pad ish happen. De dog vas bowl all night.'

"Und shoost den de newspaper come in, and I opens him—und by shings vot you dinks! *dere vas a man died in Philadelphia.*"

The Judge and the Lawyer.

Judge Kent, of this state, a son of the illustrious commentator, while travelling upon the circuit many years ago, put up on one occasion for the night at the hotel of a small town through which his route lay. The chief lawyer of the place, hearing of the arrival of this bright light of his profession, thought the least he could do was to attempt to entertain him. So he walked into the reading-room, where the Judge, in the dignity of blue spectacles and magnificent ruffles, was perusing the newspapers!

Lawyer—Hem! Good-evening, Judge!

Judge—Good-evening, sir!

Lawyer—Judge! hem! suppose we play a game of billiards?

Judge—(astonished and speaking very slowly)—I never play billiards, sir.

Lawyer—Ah! well, ninepins; what do you say to ninepins, sir?

Judge—I never play ninepins, sir.

Lawyer—Oh! then we'll have a game of *all-fours.*

Judge—(turning pale, and speaking emphatically)—I never engage in any game—in any game whatever, sir.

Lawyer—Eh! what! well, no matter—(taking the Judge familiarly by the arm)—I'll stand the drinks,—brandy and water, or gin?

Judge—(becoming pale)—I never drink, sir.

Lawyer—(in the blankest amazement)—What a *confoundedly overrated* man you are! (The disappointed subaltern retires in disgust.)

Walker.

A young man who has been paying strict attention to a young lady of this city, with a view to matrimony, or any other money she may chance to have, grew chivalric the other night, and offered to undertake almost any task, however difficult, to prove his love and devotion. "Bid me," said he, with a true knightly rhapsody, (although not worth a *rap*,) "bid me tame the lion in the jungles, or restrain an office-seeker on his way to Washington, and I will do it. Ask me to climb the loftiest peak of the Himalaya, or address a tumultuous assembly of women's rights women in opposition to female suffrage, and it is done. Command that I should bring snow-flakes from the torrid skies of Africa, or an iceberg from the sulphuric waves of—"

"Hold," cried the maiden; "you can more easily win my commendation and contribute to my pleasure. There is a youth, Weston is his name, who, starting from Portland on the Maine, is even now stretching his legs with eager intent toward Chicago. Imitate his noble example, and—"

"What?"

"*Walk!*"

He took the hint and walked.—*Cincinnati Times.*

A Numismatic Joke.

Coining jokes is a common and very legitimate figure of speech as applied to the labors of burlesque writers and contributors to comic periodicals; but I know an instance in which a joke was actually coined, struck from a graven die and issued from a legal mint. The fact is historical, and is as follows: In the year 1679 the Danes advanced with a large force upon Hamburg, but after a siege of considerable duration, seeing little hope of ultimate success, they finally withdrew and marched back. Thereupon the Hamburgers caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the event. On one side of this numismatic curiosity was this inscription: "The King of Denmark came before Hamburg. What he gained by it will be seen on the other side." On the other side was a total blank.

The Force of Habit.

A Rhode Island paper relates a story of one of the members of the general assembly of that state. He went to an officer of the House with a troubled countenance and remarked that he was in a serious difficulty—he must go home for three days.

"Oh, well," replied the official, "that's nothing—it's a common occurrence."

"But," said the disconsolate one, "that ain't exactly what's the matter. Ye see, I've heard that member (naming him) speak every day and a great many times a day, and I've kinder got used to it. It's as natural as hash for breakfast. I shall miss it if I go, and see here"—taking the official by the button-hole—"d'ye think he'll have wind enough to hold out till I come back, for I do want to hear him once more."

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

LADY.—"Eau-de-cologne, Mr. Smith! But are you sure it is genuine?"
WORTHY IN COUNTRY STORE.—"O yes, ma'am; quite certain: we make it ourselves!"

Appropriate to the Season.

Corry O'Lanus talks after this fashion to the ladies, concerning the exercise of the peculiar privileges of leap year:—

I would advise young ladies not to be rash. Although it is leap year, you had better look before you leap. Because, if you get a husband and he don't suit you, you can't change him for a better one—at least, not without going to Chicago. There are several considerations to be observed in the selection of a husband. Looks are a matter of taste; size, complexion, and color of whiskers, may be left to individual taste. They are of less consequence than disposition and pecuniary resources. Particularly the resources. I wouldn't advise any young woman to marry a man who would expect her to support him. It is not a fair thing on the old gentleman, who has been looking forward to the marriage of his daughter as a happy release from milliner's bills. Never disappoint your parents.

Young ladies need not inquire too particularly whether the man of their choice belongs to a lodge which meets four nights in a week. They will find that out after they are married.

Husbands, like other domestic animals, when caught young, can sometimes be trained to do a good many useful things. They have even been known to get up in the morning and light the fire when the girl has gone away.

There are some professions not advisable to marry into. Such as editors, for they never get rich. Or reporters, who are never home nights. Or politicians, who are never satisfied with one wife, but are always getting wedded to their country, and like most bigamists, abuse both their wives. But as the great object is to get a husband, and as the supply is limited, it may not do to be too particular.

Packing Figs.

The figs, which have either green or purple skins, and are pulpy and pear-shaped when they are fresh, are steeped in a solution of salt and water, and placed in heaps on mats laid on the pavement of the court. Around these mats women from the country collect, sitting on the ground barefoot, and working over the figs with their fingers, each fig being thus manipulated and prepared for packing. These women are accompanied by their children, who nurse while the mother is at work, or sport around, also barefoot, and greatly in need of a good washing; and occasionally, while scuffling, they chase each other over the mats on which the figs are piled. It is a very amusing sight to those who do not intend to eat any of the figs.

After this kneading process, the figs are packed in drums, the smaller ones at the bottom, a layer of superior figs and a few olive-leaves being laid at the top to take the eye of the purchaser. Fruit in Smyrna does not "grow bigger downward in the box." A few drums are filled entirely with the best quality of figs for those who choose to pay for them. The drums are carried to the quay, and taken out to the ships in lighters. The manner of getting them on board is unique. A plank is swung over the ship's side, half way between the lighter and the gunwale, and a man is stationed on this plank. There are also two men in the lighter. One of them picks up a drum and tosses it to the other, and he throws it to the man on the plank, and he to a man at the bulwarks, who tosses it to a man standing at the hatchway, who drops it into the hands of a man in the hold, who pitches it to the stevedore. The effect is very odd, as the process goes on, hour after hour, with the regularity of a piece of machinery. When a house is roofed in the East, the tiles are sent up to the roof in the same manner, men standing on the ladders and scaffolding to catch the tiles; and although the operation is done rapidly, I have never seen either a drum or a tile drop from the hands of the catcher.

☞ If by any accidental carelessness your plants get frozen, dip them at once, and hold them in a pail of rain water for a few moments. If frost gets into the green-house, wet down the flues, and sprinkle all the plants freely with water; then increase the temperature gradually until the frost is extracted.

☞ It was the reflection of a thoughtful hall-porter that the self-denying man must be the man who says he is not at home when he is.

Not Profane.

"Just what a 'tinker's dam' is I have no means of knowing; but I believe it to be something very worthless indeed," says Mr. Thom. White, in his "Little Sermon," in Putnam's for March. Mr. Thom. White's ignorance can, perhaps, be enlightened, and his belief shown to be sound. The tinkers used to tramp about England mending pots and kettles. They masticated and moistened a bit of bread, and used it as a dam around the hole to be repaired to prevent the solder from running off. After being thus employed what value remained in the "dam?" Can anything be imagined more worthless? Hence the proverb. If this explanation, definition or conjecture be not satisfactory, let somebody favor an inquiring world with a better.—*Transcript.*

AGRICULTURAL.

The Vegetable Garden.

The season is at hand when all who delight in raising early vegetables, will begin to think of the means at their disposal for the accomplishment of this object; any one who can command a nice, warm exposure like the south side of a barn, or other building, may begin at once to prepare suitable beds, for the raising of early vegetables, by either making a hot-bed, or forming temporary frames of boards. No farmer should neglect so important an object as this. Good and wholesome vegetables are essential to the health of every one, no matter whether they be dwellers in the city or country, and we know that there is nothing which we eat with our food that is more conducive to health than early salads; and we cannot excuse any farmer who neglects to provide a good supply of early vegetables for his family. In making a hot-bed, it is only necessary to throw a sufficient quantity of fresh manure into a pile of conical shape, and if dry, to throw a few pails of water on the pile, as it is put together, to promote fermentation. In this condition it should be allowed to remain for a few days until it begins to ferment and heat, which may be easily known by the steam arising from the pile; it will then be ready for making into beds. When forming the beds, the manure should be well shaken and spread evenly together, to the height of 2½ feet or 3 feet, and any desired length and width. The usual sizes for a two-light hot-bed frame is 5 by 6 feet, or 6 by 6. Those who have not lights at command, can cover the frame with boards at night, instead of glass. The bed of manure should be six or eight inches wider than the frame every way, so that the frame may rest firmly on it. About eight inches of good compost should be placed on the bed inside the frame, and as soon as the rank steam begins to decline, the seeds may be sown. The following list of vegetables would be suitable for sowing in a hot-bed at this season, viz.:

Cabbage—the early sorts.	
Cauliflower,	Celery,
Cucumber,	Egg Plant,
Lettuce,	Pepper,
Radish,	Tomato.

The very earliest kinds of cabbage are the Early Wakefield, Little Pixie, a very delicate flavored cabbage, and the Early York, an old and well-known variety. By sowing the seeds of these in a hot-bed, and transplanting out-doors, where they can be protected from any sudden changes of temperature, a very early crop can be obtained.

Cauliflower.—The earliest kind of cauliflower are the Early Erfurt and the Early Paris. The treatment of these in the hot-bed, and transplanting out-doors, should be the same as that of the early kinds of cabbage.

Celery.—The earliest kind of celery is the Early Dwarf White Solid. This should be sown in a box filled with fine rich earth, and placed in the frame. The seed should be lightly covered and kept moist until it vegetates, and when large enough, may be transplanted in a bed out-doors, putting the plants about four inches apart, where they should remain until they have attained sufficient size and strength for planting in the rows.

Cucumber.—The Early Russian, Early Short Green, Early White Spined, and Early Green Cluster, are the earliest sorts. The Early White Spine is considered the best of all these. The seeds may be sown in a pot in the frame, and when the plants are large enough, plant three in a hill, under the centre of each light.

Egg Plant.—Seeds of the egg plant should be sown in a pot, and placed in the hot-bed, and when large enough transplanted out-doors. The Long Purple is the earliest variety.

Lettuce.—The kinds which we would recommend for early salad are the Early White Forcing, which is the earliest of all, the Early Curled Silesia, and the Tennisball. Sow either in drills in the hot-bed, or in boxes, and transplant when large enough, either in the hot-bed, in a cold frame, or out-doors. The soil in which they are planted should be very rich, and the plants abundantly supplied with water.

Pepper.—The Red Cherry is the earliest, but the latter varieties may be sown at the same time, and treated the same as the egg plant.

Radish.—Who would forego the luxury of a fine plate of early radishes, that could obtain them as readily, and by the same means, that is within the reach of every farmer, throughout the country, which means is simply to sow them in drills in a hot-bed, the soil in which they should be grown, should be rather light of a loamy texture, or rather inclined to sand. The earliest kinds are the French Breakfast, Wood's Early Frame, Early Scarlet Turnip, and Long Scarlet Short Top.

Tomato.—Tomato seeds should be sown in the hot-bed, and when large enough, transplanted either into a cold frame, out-doors, where they can be protected until all danger of frost is past.

One of the earliest varieties of tomato in general cultivation, is the Smooth Red, but the one which we alluded to in November of last year, we have no hesitation in pronouncing the earliest of any yet introduced. It is an English variety, called the Orangefield Dwarf Prolific, growing only about six inches in height, and from two to three feet across. The fruit is of medium size, and very delicious. The raiser says it will stand forcing without drawing, and any amount of culture will not destroy its productiveness.—*The American Farmer.*

RECEIPTS.

BREAKFAST STEAK.—The fire must be quick, and three minutes is sufficient for both sides.

For two pounds of steak half a tablespoonful of butter is sufficient. The steaks are salted and peppered before being put into the pan. Sprinkle water cress with salt, pepper and vinegar, and dress around the steak after it is dished.

This is not frying. To fry is to immerse in fat. Doughnuts are fried.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Have ready at hand a strong batter, consisting of flour, water, and three fresh eggs well beaten up with it. Take one dozen of oysters, fresh from the tub they are in, open them over a clean basin, so as to save the briny juice that pertains to the fish. Add to them a salt-spoonful of cayenne, a whole nutmeg grated, and a little salt; throw them into the batter, stirring it well round, until they are fully intermixed with the latter. Be provided with a pan over a moderate fire, and fry the batter with the fish in it, in three distinct proportions, with a good share of sweet butter. When both sides of the fritters present to the eye a rich brown complexion, remove them, and serve them up with mashed potatoes, in hot plates.

OYSTER SAUCE.—The oysters are to be boarded and scalded, then strain the liquor, and thicken it with a little flour and butter, adding lemon-juice in small quantity, and a few tablespoonfuls of cream; heat the oysters well in this mixture, but do not let them boil; some persons add spices in making oyster sauce, in which case it must be left longer on the fire, simmering gently, but never being allowed to boil.

EGGS AU FROMAGE.—Put two tablespoons of grated cheese in a saucepan on the table, with a teaspoon of butter, four eggs broken in; set it on the fire, and stir two or three minutes. Dish.

EGGS A LA NEIGE (SNOW.)—One quart of milk on the fire in a tight pan. Beat four whites of eggs to a stiff broth. When the milk comes to a boil, stir in two tablespoons of sugar, and then the eggs. They must be turned over, and when well curded, taken out with a spoon.

Take the flour yolks in a bowl. Pour over them as you stir the milk left from cooking the whites. Set on the fire and stir fast for a minute or more, and when it begins to thicken put it in a dish, passing it through a strainer or not, as you choose. Then lay the curded whites in the dish and serve cold.

LAIT DE POULE.—Put in a tumbler one or two yolks of eggs and a little sugar. Pour boiling water gradually over it, stirring so as not to cook too fast. It is very light for a sick person, or for a late luncheon.

TO MAKE AN OATMEAL CUSTARD.—Take two tablespoonfuls of the finest Scotch oatmeal; beat it up into a sufficiency of cold water in a basin to allow it to run freely. Add to it the yolk of a fresh egg, well worked up; have a pint of scalding new milk on the fire, and pour the oatmeal mixture into it, stirring it round with a spoon, so as to incorporate the whole. Add sugar to your taste, and throw in a glass of sherry to the mixture, with a little grated nutmeg. Pour it into a basin, and take it warm in bed. It will be found very grateful and soothing in cases of cold or chills. Some persons scald a little cinnamon in the milk they use for the occasion.

BATH BUNS.—Take a pound and a half of fine flour, three-quarters of a pound of powdered and sifted loaf-sugar, one pound of butter, three yolks and two whites of fresh eggs; grate the rind of a lemon, add the juice, and mix all the ingredients well together, and make them into small round cakes; put a few well-washed currants into the middle of each bun, and wash them over with egg, loaf-sugar, and some comfits. Bake them in a moderate oven.

POUND CAKE.—One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, and the whites of twelve eggs, beaten to a froth; flavor with the essence of lemon. Bake in a quick oven. This quantity will make two good-sized cakes, baked in six-quart pans.

COLOR FOR WICKER BASKETS, OR ANY SMALL ARTICLES OF THE KIND.—Dissolve one stick of black sealing-wax and one stick of red in two ounces of spirits of wine. Lay it on with a small brush.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 97 letters.

My 70, 81, 83, 93, 96, 3, 89, 73, 18, 20, 97, 74, 91, 51, 94, 25, 86, 87, 94, 84, 19, 12, has visited us weekly for twenty years.

My 35, 88, 80, 86, 18, 20, 6, 47, 19, 14, 7, 25, 34, 44, 73, 69, is where I finished my education.

My 45, 41, 19, 3, 51, 63, 18, 90, 87, is past never to return.

My 77, 16, 2, 56, 61, 82, 93, 88, 51, 83, was a celebrated preacher.

My 7, 83, 59, 72, 90, 42, 11, is what I have lost.

My 60, 34, 22, 10, 23, 11, 40, 92, 23, 90, 7, 25, 6, 88, is an interesting tale in in the "Post."

My 5, 8, 20, 94, 83, 47, 96, 73, this year is.

My 57, 24, 80, 70, 6, 14, 63, was the name of a paper written by Addison.

My 19, 22, 33, 52, 53, 50, 24, 67, 4, 32, is the name of a battle fought on the 19th of September, 1777.

My 43, 25, 6, 67, 14, 42, is one of the four seasons.

My 44, 39, 35, 20, 62, 51, 48, 40, 8, is the name of a dear schoolmate.

My 94, 84, 73, 3, 19, 7, 1, 85, 12, 2, is a city on the Ohio river.

My 91, 33, 42, 65, [illegible], 50, 25, 90, is the name of my state.

My 7, 24, 93, 78, 86, is the county in which I live.

My 31, 38, 25, 9, 67, 94, 95, 72, 44, 30, 20, 39, 11, is the county seat.

My 92, 88, 96, 93, 3, 25, 37, 50, 13, 45, is one of the secondary properties of ladies.

My 90, 76, 70, 84, 47, 67, 99, 7, was a bloody battle-field.

My 10, 87, 68, 82, 70, 81, 28, 20, 21, was a bloody battle-field.

My 29, 44, 19, 13, 64, 56, 87, 70, 60, 86, is a large city.

My 46, 41, 32, 51, 18, 21, is one of Byron's poems.

My 10, 99, 55, 66, 75, 52, 6, is the name of our place.

My 58, 59, 83, 37, 55, 83, is a curse to mankind.

My 35, 92, 17, 95, 42, 20, 94, 60, 69, is my favorite study.

My 40, 74, 44, 91, 22, 27, we all hope to reach.

My 15, 25, 19, 18, 10, 7, we all desire.

My 79, 57, 15, 11, 71, is the time to improve the mind.

My whole is the first verse of a beautiful song by Mrs. Hemans.

MAGGIE H. COUCH.

Mercer's Bottom, W. Va.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose at the north corner of [illegible] square field stands a poplar tree, in the eastern boundary line an apple tree, and in the eastern boundary line a chestnut tree; the first trees 35 chains asunder. The distance between the poplar and apple is an arithmetical mean between those of the apple and chestnut, and chestnut and poplar. Within the compass of these three trees, mathematicians agree to hide a bone in such a position, that were straight lines drawn from it to each of the trees, the lines so drawn will form angles at the bone, severally containing a number of degrees in exact proportion to the number of chains in the opposite sides. Due south from the poplar, at a distance from it equal to that of the poplar and apple, is a fountain, whose distance from the eastern corner of the field is equal to that of the chestnut and apple, and from the western corner a distance equal to the chestnut and poplar. Required—the distance from the fountain to the bone.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the early grass like a penknife? Ans.—Because the *spring* brings out the *blades.*

☞ Why is the letter "T" like an island? Ans.—Because it is the middle of water.

☞ Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than idiots? Ans.—Because bankrupts are broken, while idiots are only cracked.

☞ What author uses the most uncommon words? Ans.—The compiler of a dictionary.

☞ Why is fashionable society like a warming pan? Ans.—Because it is highly polished but very hollow.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post. ENIGMA—Perry Baker, Ashland, Kentucky.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Dec. 21st—2,4065054 and 3,8505524 miles above the earth, and 314,3292¼ miles apart. E. P. Norton.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—It has either gained 3 miles or 2 miles, or it has lost 5 miles. W. H. Morrow.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Dec. 28th—336¼ feet. W. H. Morrow.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of same date—1.8823 miles. A. Martin.

Answer to F. M. Priest's PROBLEM of Jan. 11th—24.4949 inches. F. M. Priest.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Jan. 18th—$1.50. A. Martin.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—20.0774 rods. E. P. Norton.

Answer to W. T. Stonebraker's PROBLEM of Jan. 25th—6⅝ hours. W. T. Stonebraker.

☞ Florida is highly successful in raising oranges. In one orchard of about one hundred and fifty trees, three are reported to have borne an aggregate of 11,900 oranges.